

4MOST

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SPRING



ADDED
FEATURE
Q's & A's
and
LOOK-LAUGH-
LEARN

WALTER
JOHNSON

VOL. 4 NO. 2



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!!

We'll admit it's still mighty chilly and the snow is doing a good job of blanketing parts of the countryside, but we have a thumping suggestion to make. We hope sincerely that you'll take us up on it. Right about now is the time to start thinking of those Victory Gardens of yours. There are some swell sources of information in Eddie Bell's story in this issue—tells you where to write for booklets in Washington and shows you some easy things to make with little material and less difficulty. We'll wager the 4-H'ers beat us to the punch. How about it? Get going, gang, for there's no time like the present.

We also want to mention and underscore the suggestion that you get solidly behind the Red Cross drive which starts in March. That organization is doing a magnificent job and it's up to all of us to help in any way we possibly can. Think of the vast territories the Red Cross covers, ministering to the wounded of ALL countries! Let's go all out and do our bit to make the drive a terrific success.

We feel we've got a special issue of 4-MOST for you this trip. The adventures of Dick Cole are packed with action and suspense, and Candid Charlie's surgical photography supplies many a chuckle, but we'll find out soon enough whether you like the book! That's one thing we appreciate very much, gang: your continuous flow of letters. Keep 'em coming!!

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

UPSIDE DOWN OR RIGHT SIDE UP? — LETTERS WANTED

The Q & A feature in 4-MOST COMICS has questions at the foot of certain left-hand pages. Each answer is on the page facing the question. Should answers be printed upside down, so readers will not accidentally glimpse the answers and spoil the fun before attempting to answer the questions? Or, should the answers be printed right side up for easier reading and better appearance on the pages? How do you vote? And what do you think of the Q & A feature for entertainment and educational value?

* * *

Dear Editors:

I always did like comics but my dad wouldn't ever let me buy them. One day, though, I brought home a 4-MOST and when dad saw it he really liked it a lot.

Dick Cole is the best, I guess, but Edison Bell is still my favorite.

Yours truly,
Edward Harton
Athens, Alabama

Sure hope you get to see your 4-MOST first, Ed. Some dads we know read it from cover to cover before Junior has a chance to start.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished the Winter issue of 4-MOST and I like all the stories very much. Dick Cole and Kit Carter are my favorites, but Candid Charlie and Edison Bell are swell, too. I don't see any improvements that could be made in 4-MOST. It's perfect.

Sincerely,
Faye Cox
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

The Winter issue went over with a terrific bang, Faye. Hope you and the gang like this issue as well!

* * *

Dear Editors:

I read my 4-MOST COMICS last night and I thought it was terrific. Edison Bell ranks first in my opinion, then comes Dick Cole and Candid Charlie. I think that the Q and A feature is educational and helps you enjoy the comic strips even more.

Your ideas in every strip are different from any other comic I read.

Sincerely,
George Slentz
Ft. Worth, Texas

We try our best to be original and are pleased you consider our strips "different," George.

Dear Editors:

Of all the comic magazines I've read 4-MOST is really my choice of the best. I put Dick Cole first because the artist really does marvelous drawings. I am quite fascinated by the questions at the bottom of the pages. Aside from being interesting, they prove quite educational.

In your Winter edition, I saw that plea of the sailor who wanted mail, and as I have three brothers in the service, I immediately sat down and wrote him. Hope this remedied the "situation."

Very truly yours,
Harry Daly
Philadelphia, Pa.

Incidentally, gang, we've received numerous letters from readers who wrote to the lonesome sailor. He should have piles of mail by now.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Being a fanatic when it comes to 4-MOST COMICS, I would like to congratulate you on your very good comic; especially Dick Cole. I certainly admire his strength and adventures. As for the Cadet, I'm patiently waiting for him to receive his commission and get up to the fighting front.

It is rather difficult for me to purchase 4-MOST as it is not sold here, but thanks to some Americans who haven't forgotten our likes, we get our share.

I speak in behalf of many other Americans in uniform when I say, three cheers for 4-MOST COMICS, and keep them coming!!

Sincerely,
S/Sgt. Henry S. Daigel
Somewhere in Italy

Certainly glad to hear you enjoy 4-MOST so much, Sgt. We found a few back copies and sent them to you so you can catch up with the current adventures.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think 4-MOST COMICS is the best comic book on the stands. I think Edison Bell is especially good and our club is making the boat that Eddie Bell featured in his story.

Every time I go to the store I dash for 4-MOST COMICS. It's sort of hard to get for they sell so fast.

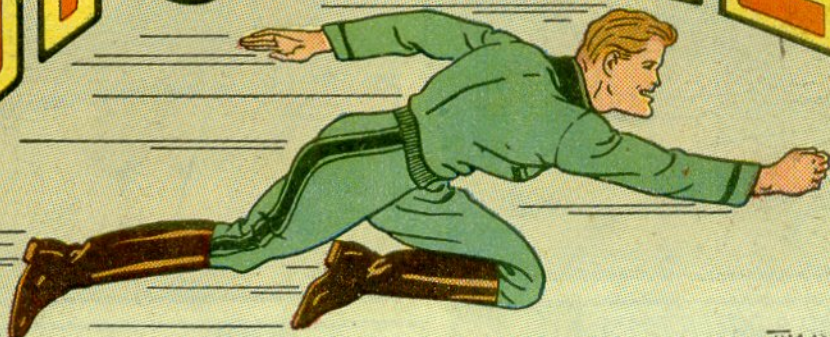
Your friend,
Philip Skinner
Ithaca, N. Y.

Copies are hard to get in the U. S., too.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4-MOST COMICS, 111 WEST 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

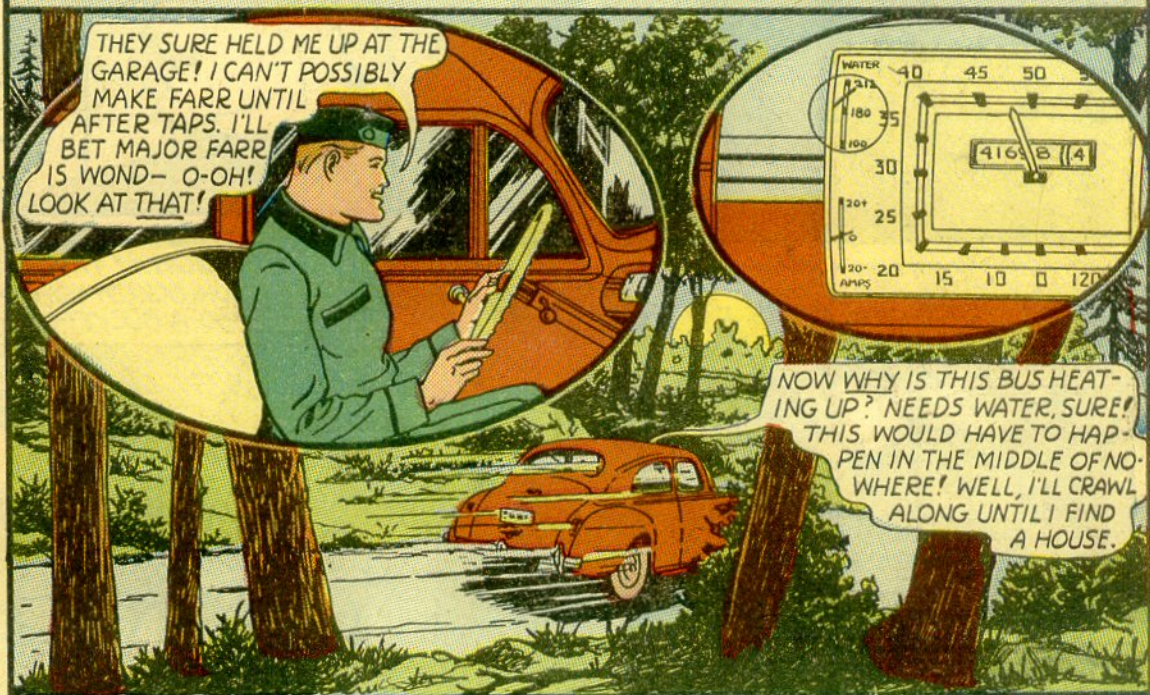
DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

MAJOR FARR HAS SENT DICK COLE TO BIG CITY TO DELIVER SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS TO THE BANK AND, THIS ERRAND ACCOMPLISHED, TO DRIVE THE MAJOR'S CAR—WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT IN BIG CITY FOR OVERHAULING—BACK TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

IT IS NIGHT AND DICK IS SPEEDING ALONG A DESOLATE STRETCH OF HIGHWAY SOME SIXTY MILES FROM FARR M.A.



Art Director
MEL CUMMIN

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

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FIVE MILES FARTHER ON, THE CAR TOPS A HILL.

AHA! LIGHTS! A HOUSE, GLORY BE!



DICK FINDS THE HOUSE BACK FROM THE ROAD. HE PULLS INTO THE ROCKY DRIVE - AND -

WELL, JUST IN TIME, THERE GO THE LIGHTS. THESE FOLKS RETIRE EARLY.



I'VE KNOCKED A DOZEN TIMES - NO ANSWER. THEY MUST BE STONE DEAF, OR MAYBE THEY SLEEP IN BACK. I'LL TRY THE REAR.



DICK KNOCKS VIGOROUSLY ON THE REAR DOOR.

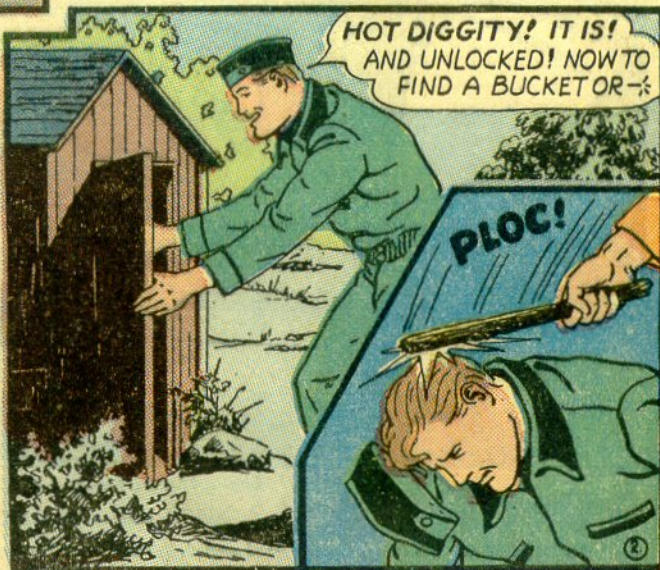
THIS SURE BEATS ME! I KNOW I SAW LIGHTS IN THIS HOUSE! WELL, MAYBE THERE'S A PUMP OUT BACK. I'LL LOOK.



NARY A PUMP OR WELL. I MAY'AS - WHOA! ISN'T THAT A SPRING HOUSE OVER THERE?



HOT DIGGITY! IT IS! AND UNLOCKED! NOW TO FIND A BUCKET OR -



QUESTION No. 1. What do the British call the hood of a car?

IT IS NEAR MIDNIGHT WHEN DICK REGAINS HIS SENSES AND FINDS HIMSELF LYING ON A HARD COT. HIS HEAD THROBS AS HE RAISES TO AN ELBOW AND TRIES TO PIERCE THE BLACKNESS ABOUT HIM.

AU-OH! GOSH, MY HEAD!..
WHAT HIT ME? WHERE AM I?

SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENS, AND DICK IS BLINDED BY A BEAM OF LIGHT.

SO! YOU'VE COME TO!
NO, NO! JUST RELAX...PLEASE!
IT'S BEST, I ASSURE YOU.

LOOK, WHOEVER YOU ARE,
WHERE AM I - WHO ARE YOU -
WHY WAS I CONKED? WHEN?

EASY, EASY! FIRST
YOU TELL ME WHY
YOU WERE SNOOP-
ING AROUND THIS
HOUSE!

I WANTED WATER FOR
MY CAR. THERE WAS
NO ANSWER TO MY
KNOCKING, SO I LOOK-
ED AROUND, FOUND
THE SPRING HOUSE AND
THEN SOMETHING HIT ME.

HM-M-M. I'M INCLINED TO
BELIEVE YOU....I'LL BE
BACK SHORTLY.

AS THE DOOR
CLOSES, DICK
STARTS A GROPING
SEARCH FOR A
WAY OUT, BUT IS
NOT SUCCESSFUL.
HE RETURNS TO
HIS COT.

I GUESS I'M IN
AN ATTIC AS -
OH! COMPANY'S
COMING AGAIN.

WELL, YOUNG MAN, YOU TOLD THE TRUTH.
YOUR CAR IS OUT OF WATER. SO NOW--

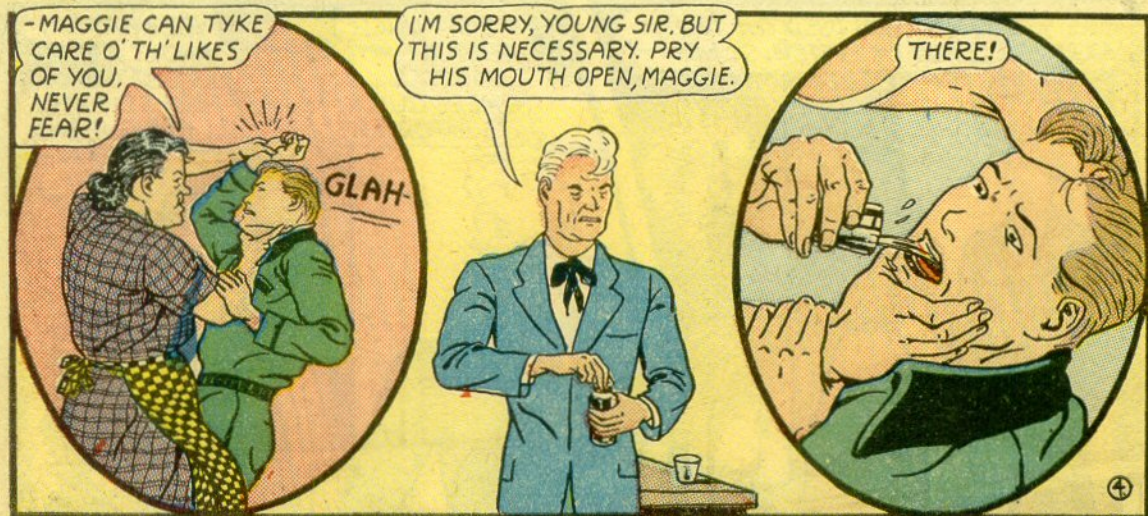
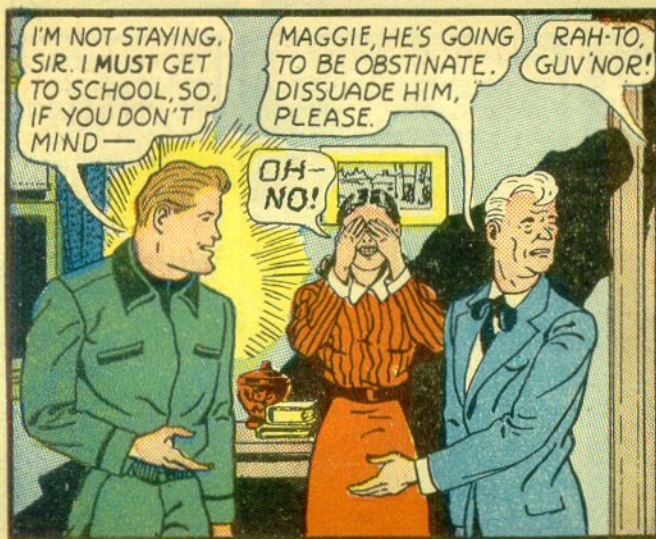
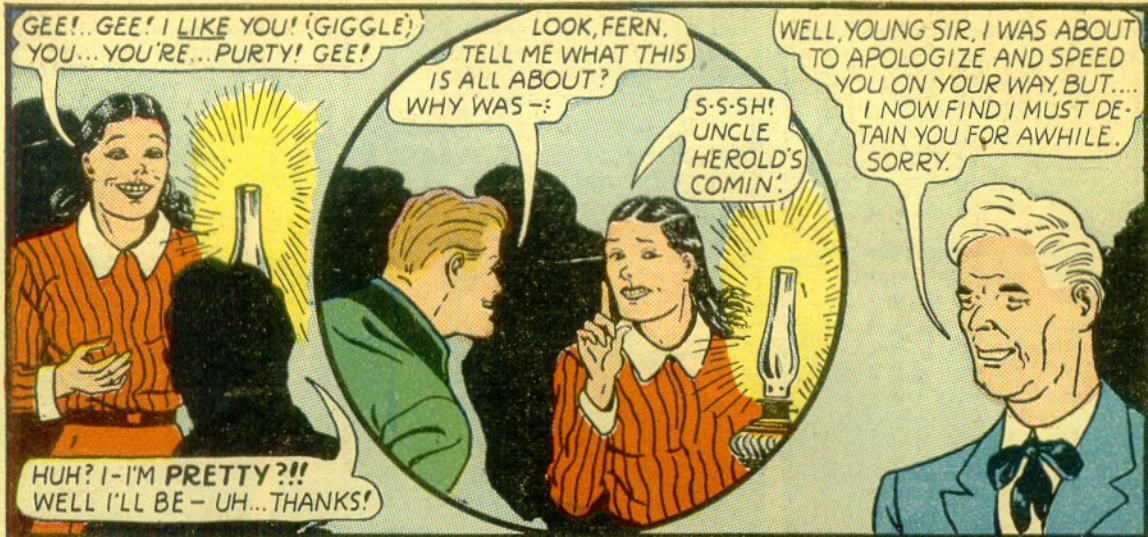
P-S-ST! UNCLE
HEROLD!

YES, WHAT IS IT,
ANDY?

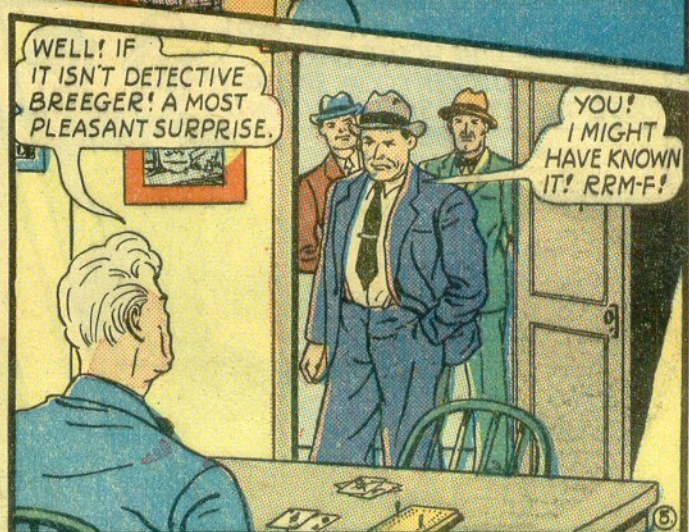
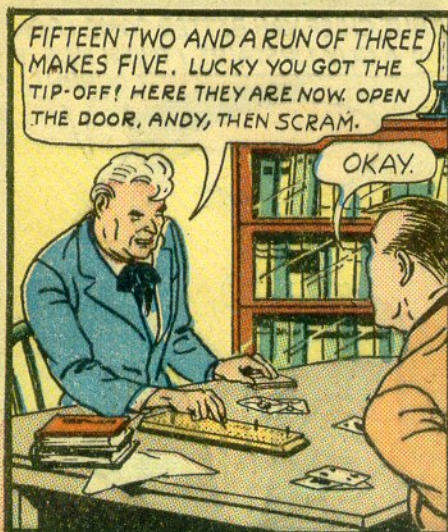
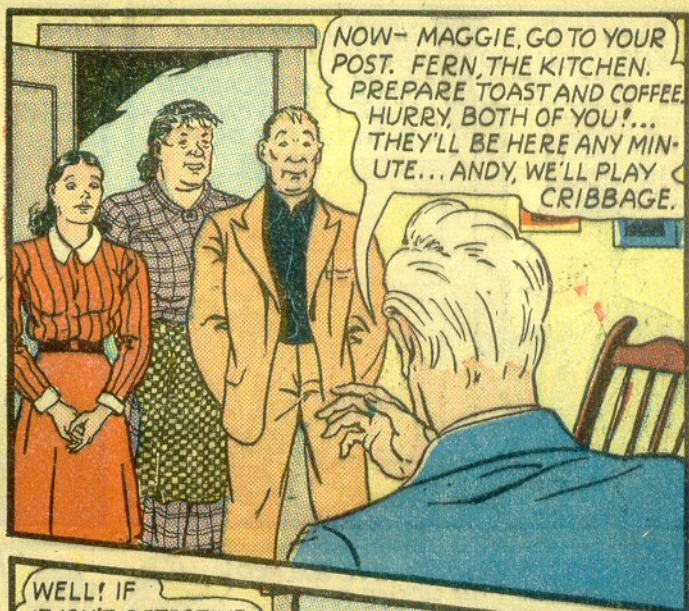
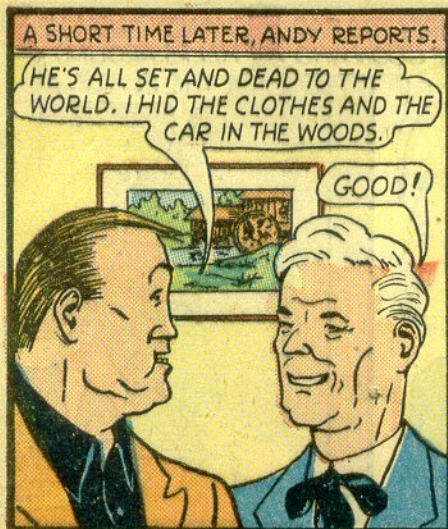
C'MERE, QUICK!
IT'S IMPORTANT!

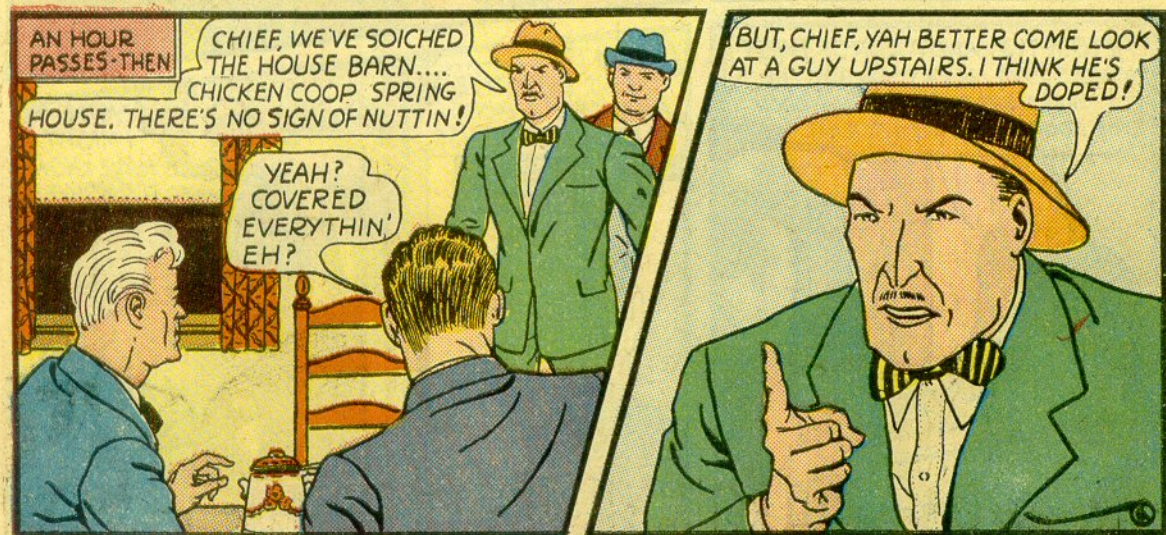
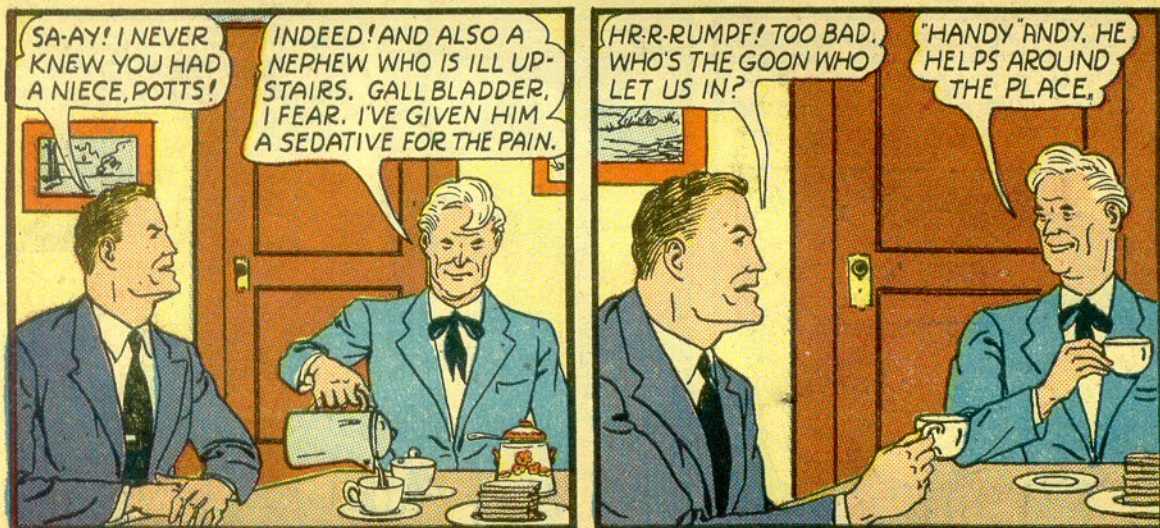
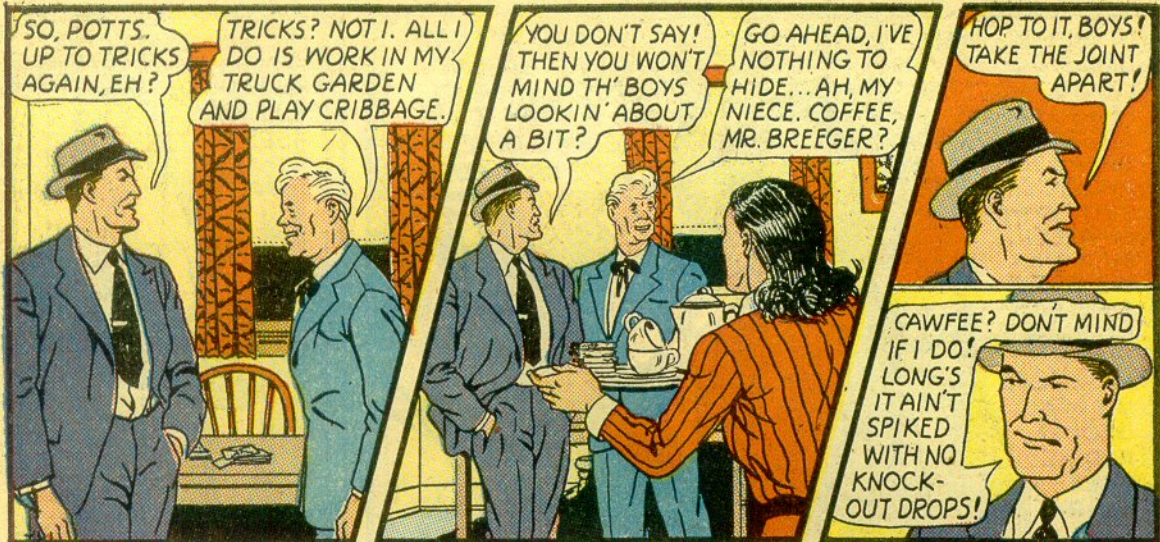
FERN, STAY HERE.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

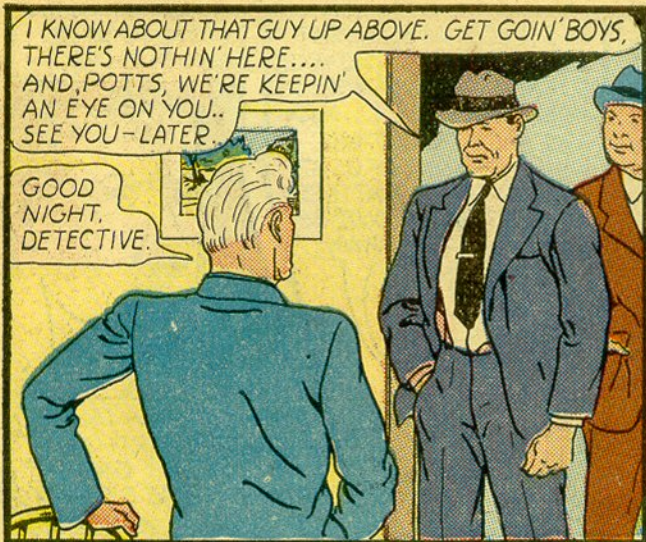
YESSUR.



Q UESTION No. 2. Which word is the opposite of "dissuade"--pervade, renegade, or persuade?

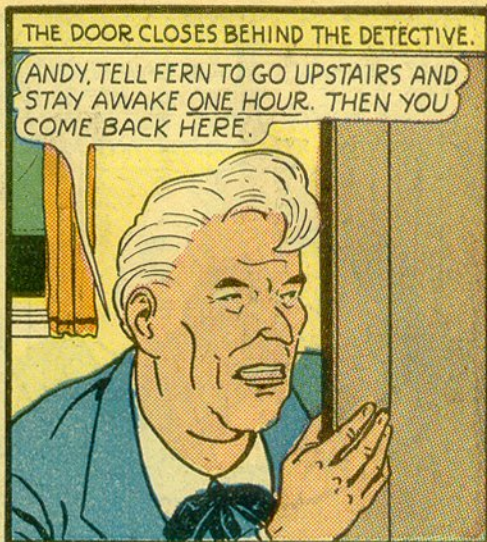






I KNOW ABOUT THAT GUY UP ABOVE. GET GOIN' BOYS, THERE'S NOTHIN' HERE.... AND, POTTS, WE'RE KEEPIN' AN EYE ON YOU.. SEE YOU-LATER.

GOOD NIGHT, DETECTIVE.



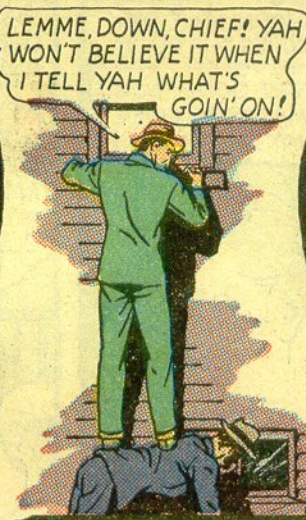
THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE DETECTIVE.

ANDY, TELL FERN TO GO UPSTAIRS AND STAY AWAKE ONE HOUR. THEN YOU COME BACK HERE.



NEARLY AN HOUR HAS PASSED WHEN-

QUIET, NOW. I'LL BOOST YOU WHEN WE REACH THE WINDOW.



LEMME, DOWN, CHIEF! YAH WON'T BELIEVE IT WHEN I TELL YAH WHAT'S GOIN' ON!



DARNED IF OLD POTTS AIN'T STILL PLAYIN' CRIBBAGE!

WHAT! WELL I'LL BE *!?!*!! C'MON, LET'S GO.



PLAYIN' CRIB - ! IT BEATS ME! I WAS SURE WHEN WE SNEAKED BACK WE'D - SA-AY! IT LOOKS LIKE SLINKY'S TIP-OFF'S ALL WET! MEBBE POTTS HAS GONE STRAIGHT. MEBBE!



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE HOUSE -

I JUST SEEN TWO FELLERS SNEAK OUT TH' DRIVE, UNCLE HEROLD.

AH! I'M SURE THEY LEFT THIS TIME! AND NOW, WE HAVE MUCH TO DO BEFORE DAWN!



'OW ABOUT 'IS" NIBS UPSTAIRS, GUV'NOR?

HE'S OUT FOR TWO HOURS AT LEAST. THEN WE'LL ATTEND TO HIM!

YOU YOU WONT
HURT HIM, UNCLE
HEROLD? HE...
HE'S SO PURTY-

EH? DAN CUPID
AROUND, FERN? NO.
HE WILL NOT BE HARM-
ED... BUT HERE! MORE
IMPORTANT MATTERS
PRESS!

THIS PLACE HAS BEEN MOST
USEFUL FOR OVER TWO YEARS
BUT NOW WE MUST MOVE ON.
MOST REGRETFUL..... FERN
WILL PACK THE CLOTHES
WHILE THE REST OF US AT-
TEND TO OTHER MATTERS.
WE MUST BE EN ROUTE BY
DAWN.

AT THIS POINT WE
RETURN TO DICK.

PAH! WHAT A TASTE!
WHAT ON EARTH DID
HE GIVE ME? GA-AGH!
MY HEAD'S AS BIG AS A
BALLOON!

HOLY SMOKE! WHERE'D
I GET THIS?! HEY! MY
CLOTHES! WHERE ARE
THEY?!

AIDED BY
THE MOONLIGHT, DICK
SEARCHES THE ROOM.

THEY'RE GONE! NOW I
AM MAD! I WONDER
IF THAT DOOR'S LOCKED?

HIS
QUESTION IS
ANSWERED!

O-O-OH! YOU'RE UP!
UNCLE WON'T LIKE THIS!

HEY! GO WAY! NO!
DON'T! COME HERE-
NO- STAY THERE!
I MEAN-(GLUP)
MY-MY-
CLOTHES!

CLOTHES? OH, YOU
CAN'T HAVE YOUR
CLOTHES. GEE!
YOU LOOK PURTY
IN MAGGIE'S
NIGHTIE!

GLAH! NIGHTIE! GET ME
OUT OF THIS-UH-NO, NO!
I MEAN-GET MY CLOTHES!

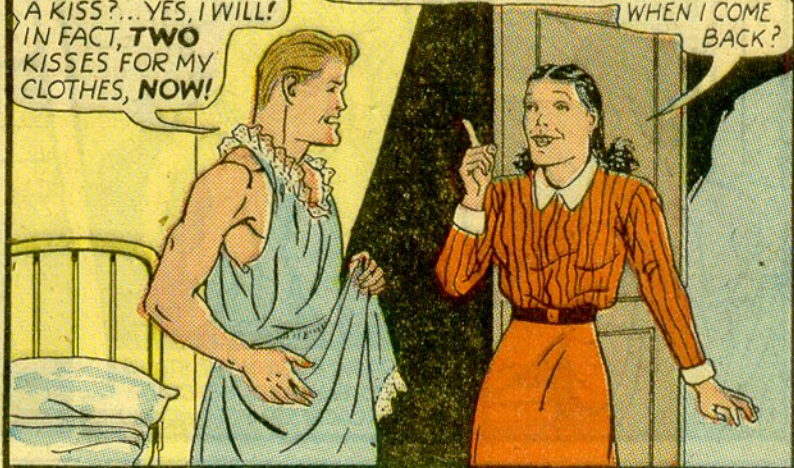
YOU'RE S'POSED
TO BE IN BED!
DO YOU SLEEP
IN YOUR
CLOTHES?

SURE. I- NO! OF
COURSE NOT! UH-
I.... LOOK, I'M A LOT
"PURTIER" IN MY NICE
GREEN UNIFORM-SO-
WILL YOU GET IT FOR ME?

UM-M-M. YES, THAT'S RIGHT... SAY, IF I GET YOUR UNIFORM WILL YOU GIVE ME A KISS - WILL YUH?

WHAT?! A-A KISS? (GULP) WHY-ER-UH, A KISS?... YES, I WILL! IN FACT, **TWO** KISSES FOR MY CLOTHES, **NOW!**

TWO KISSES? HONEST? (GIGGLE) GIVE ME ONE NOW AND TEE-HEE! T'OTHER WHEN I COME BACK?



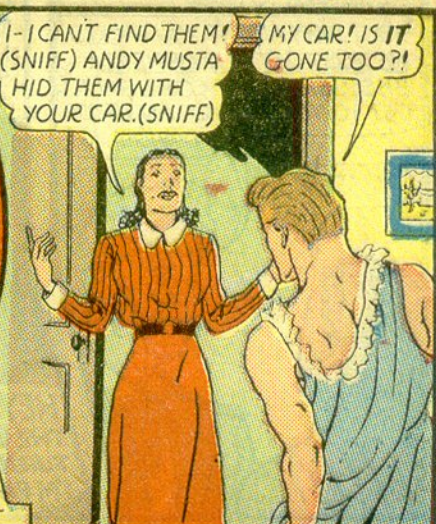
WHOA! DON'T RUSH MATTERS! SAY, I'LL MAKE IT **THREE** IF YOU'LL GO RIGHT NOW!

THREE? OH, GOODY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, SO DON'T GO 'WAY! GEE!

GO 'WAY!... FAT CHANCE IN THIS OUTFIT! HOLY COW! NOW I'M IN FOR IT! **THREE KISSES!** UGH!

I-I CAN'T FIND THEM! (SNIFF) ANDY MUSTA HID THEM WITH YOUR CAR. (SNIFF)

MY CAR! IS IT GONE TOO?!

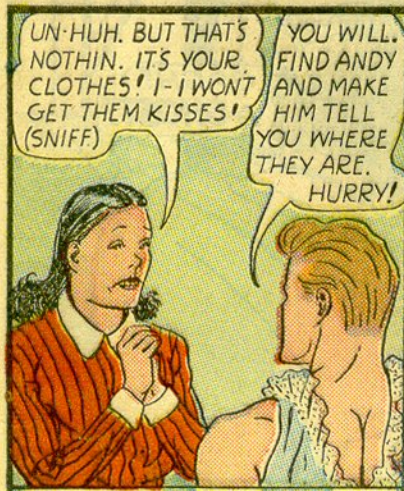


TWENTY MINUTES LATER-

UN-HUH. BUT THAT'S NOTHIN. IT'S YOUR CLOTHES! I-I WON'T GET THEM KISSES! (SNIFF)

YOU WILL. FIND ANDY AND MAKE HIM TELL YOU WHERE THEY ARE. **HURRY!**

CLOTHES GONE - CAR GONE - DAWG GONE! HOW WILL I EV - VOICES! NOW WHAT?

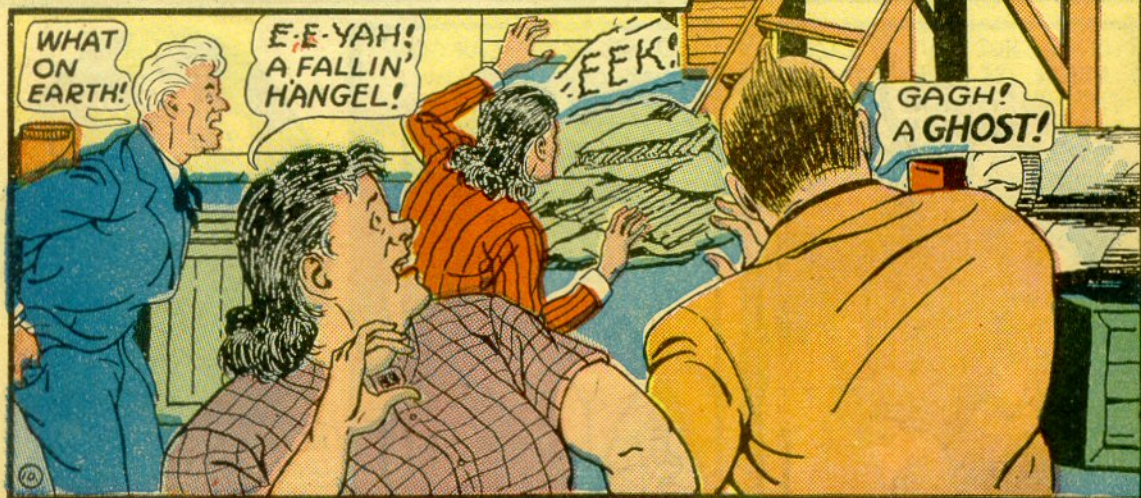
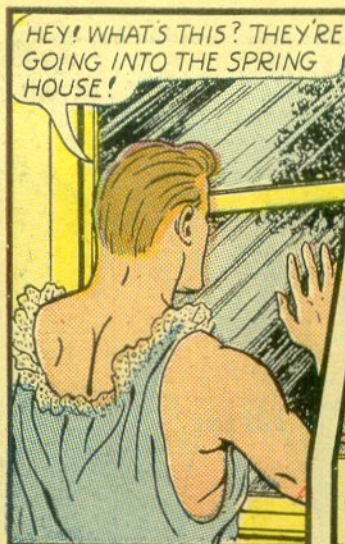


HEY, FERN! C MERE! UNCLE WANTS YOU. DONT ARGY - C MON!

BUT- ALL RIGHT.

FERN HURRIES FROM THE ROOM-

In the seventh picture, Fern's blouse is not striped. ANSWER No. 4.



DICK, LANDING ON SOME RUBBISH, IS DAZED MOMENTARILY.

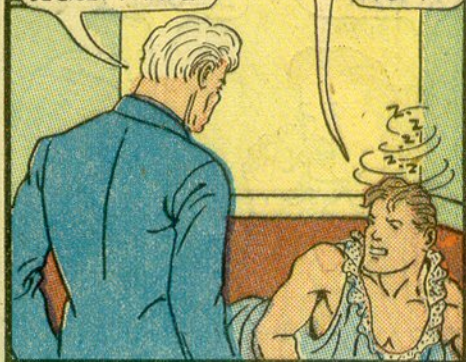
STRIKE ME PINK, IT'S NIBS!
HILL STAWP 'IS CLOCK!

NO, MAGGIE!
NOT NOW! I'LL
SPEAK WITH
HIM FIRST.



SO! YOU ARE A SPY
AFTER ALL! AND A
MOST CLUMSY ONE.
BUT HOW DID YOU
DISCOVER THE
SECRET PANEL?

I DIDN'T. IT DIS-
COVERED ME AND
TUMBLER ME
DOWN HERE ...
AND... I AM NOT
A SPY!



THEN WHAT WERE YOU
DOING IN THE SPRING
HOUSE?

FERN TOLD ME ANDY
HID MY UNIFORM. I
SAW THEM GO IN THERE,
I WANTED MY CLOTHES, SO
I FOLLOWED THEM.

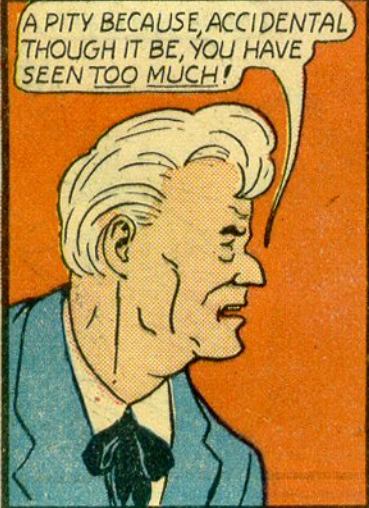


HM-M-M- SOMEHOW, I FEEL YOU
ARE TELLING THE TRUTH....
WHICH IS MORE THE PITY!

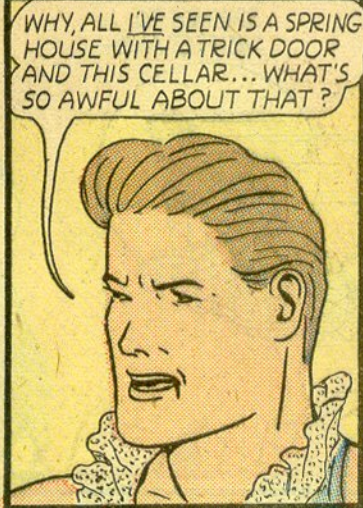
I DON'T GET IT.
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN 'MORE THE
PITY'?



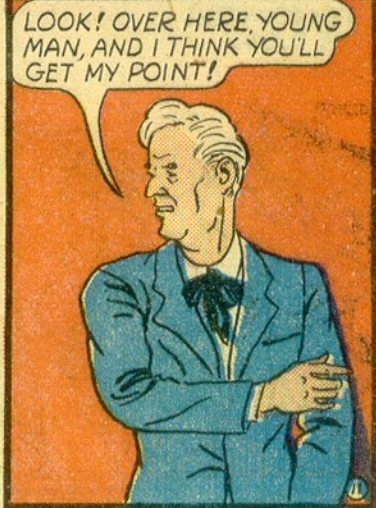
A PITY BECAUSE, ACCIDENTAL
THOUGH IT BE, YOU HAVE
SEEN TOO MUCH!

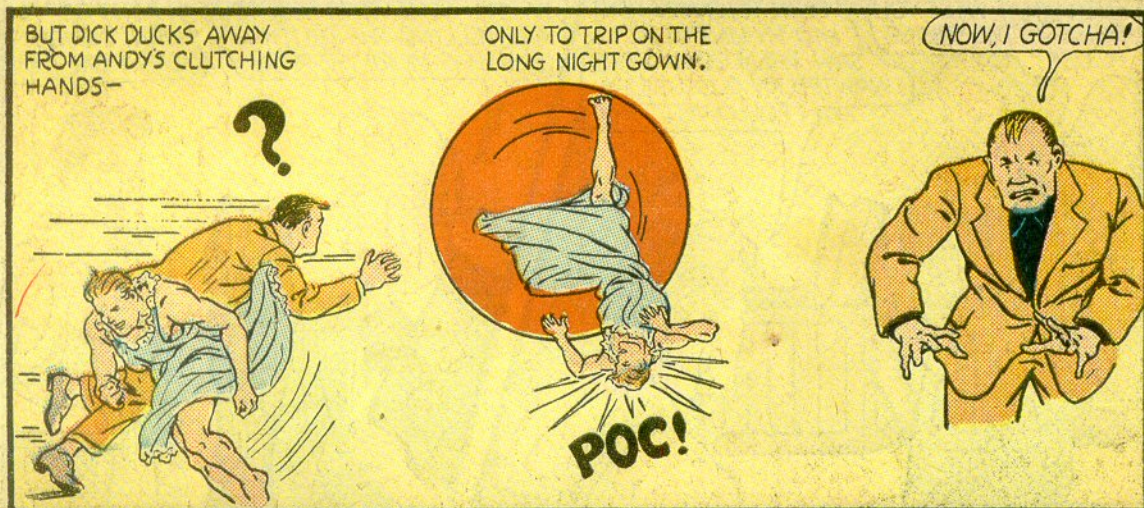
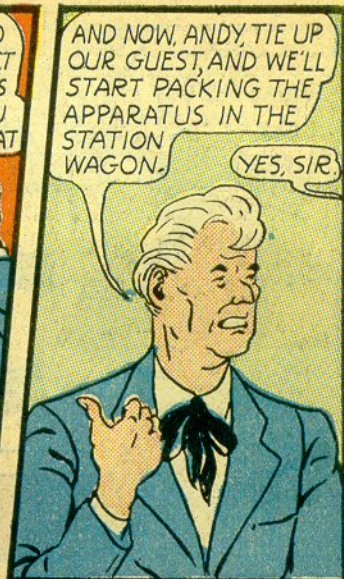
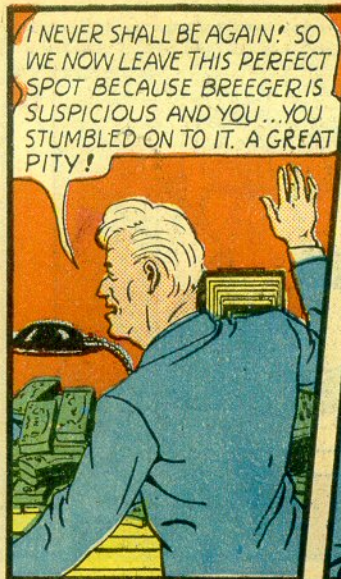


WHY, ALL I'VE SEEN IS A SPRING
HOUSE WITH A TRICK DOOR
AND THIS CELLAR... WHAT'S
SO AWFUL ABOUT THAT?



LOOK! OVER HERE, YOUNG
MAN, AND I THINK YOU'LL
GET MY POINT!

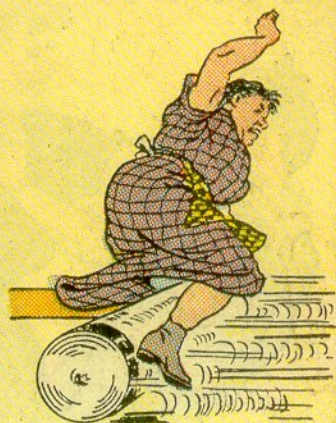
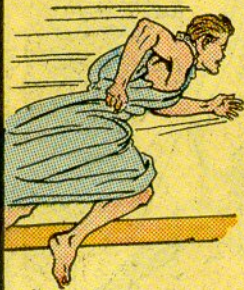




TWISTING LOOSE, DICK
DARTS FOR THE STAIRS,

WITH MAGGIE IN
HOT PURSUIT —

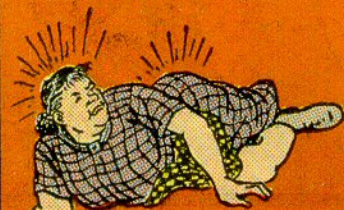
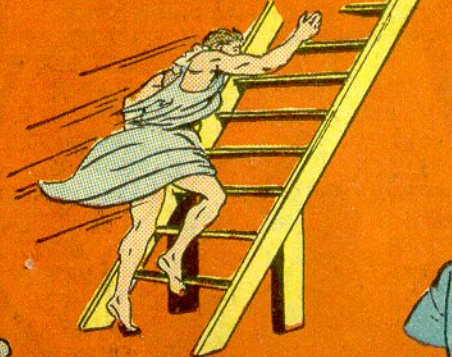
HE SENDS A ROLL OF
PAPER CRASHING INTO
HER FEET.



AND
MAGGIE
FALLS
HEAVILY.

BUT AS DICK
GAINS THE STAIRS —

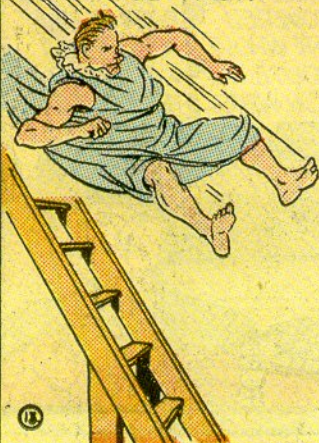
STOP! COME DOWN
QUICK, OR I'LL SHOOT!



DICK OBEYS—
FEET FIRST!

BANG!

AND—
MISSES!



STARTLED, POTTS
FIRES POINT-BLANK—

From the French for "white point" referring to the white of the target.

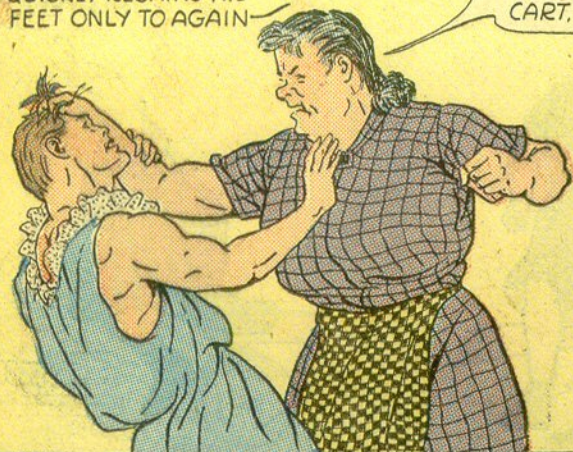
ANSWER
No. 6.

DICK AND POTTS CRASH TO THE FLOOR, BUT DICK QUICKLY REGAINS HIS FEET ONLY TO AGAIN—

CONFRONT MAGGIE.

HUPSET ME APPLE CART, WILL YER? TYKE—

THAT!



HORRIFIED AT THE BLOW, FERN STEALS UP THE STAIRS AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

I'M GONNA FIND HIS CAR, GET HIS NICE UNIFORM AND TAKE HIM AWAY. SOMEHOW....THREE KISSES! GEE!!



WE GO BACK SEVERAL HOURS TO FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. IT IS 2³⁰ A.M AND MAJOR FARR, WORRIED OVER DICK'S ABSENCE, HAS PHONED THE STATE POLICE.

— AND SO, CAPTAIN, I'M AFRAID HE MAY HAVE HAD AN ACCIDENT. I'M SURE HE'D TAKE ROUTE 22.



I'LL HAVE TWO MEN SEARCH 22 FROM MID-VALE TO FARR JUNCTION. DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE OKAY, MAJOR.

WE RETURN TO THE HIDDEN CELLAR. AN HOUR HAS PASSED SINCE DICK TRIED TO ESCAPE.

ONE MORE LOAD AND WE'RE READY TO GO. ANDY, TRY ONCE MORE TO FIND FERN. WHAT GOT INTO HER!



YOUNG MAN, WE LEAVE YOU HERE. IF THE SECRET PANEL IS FOUND, IN TIME, YOU WILL BE RESCUED, OTHERWISE... IT'S A GREAT PITY.



UNCLE HEROLD! I'VE GOT FERN! SHE'S GOT THAT GUY'S DUDS!



GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT UP. BRING THAT LAST PACKAGE, MAGGIE.

MEANWHILE ON ROUTE 22.

WELL WE'VE COVERED THE WHOLE ROUTE.... NOW WHAT?

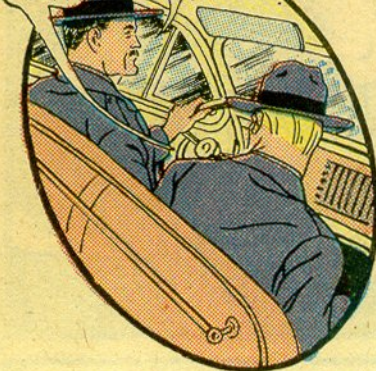
TURN AND GO BACK TO THAT HOUSE THAT WAS LIT UP. IT'S BOUT TEN MILES.



WHY THAT HOUSE BOB?

MAYBE THEY'RE GET-TIN' AN EARLY BREAK-FAST, AND WE CAN BUM SOME COFFEE.

GOOD IDEA!



WHILE BY THE SPRING HOUSE-

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, FERN?... WHAT IS THIS?

HIS CLOTHES. I WENT LOOK-ING FOR THEM. HE'LL CATCH COLD IN THAT NIGHTIE.



HE'LL NOT NEED THEM BE-CAUSE HE'LL NEVER LEAVE THAT CELLAR!

ANDY, SCOUT AROUND AND SEE THAT ALL'S CLEAR, WHILE FERN BRINGS THE BAGS FROM THE HOUSE.



20 MINUTES LATER. FERN HAS JUST RETURNED TO THE HOUSE FOR THE LAST SUIT-CASE WHEN — ANDY —

UNCLE HEROLD! STATE POLICE! TURNING IN THE DRIVE!



QUICK! ALL OF YOU INTO THE HOUSE! WE'LL KEEP — AH! TOO LATE!



WELL, GETTING A PRETTY EARLY START, AREN'T YOU?

ER, YES... OFFICER. TAKING UH SOME STUFF TO THE JUNKMAN.



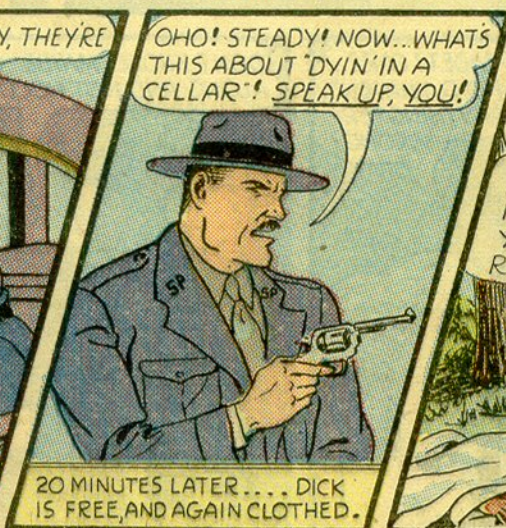
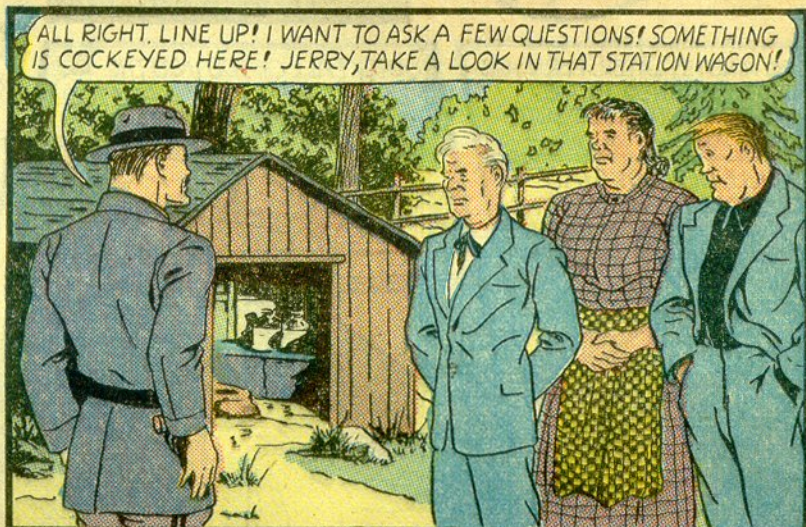
UHN-HUH. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING OF A CADET IN A CAR, HAVE YOU?

CADET? CAR?... NO-O, I HAVEN'T.. ANYTHING -ER- WRONG?



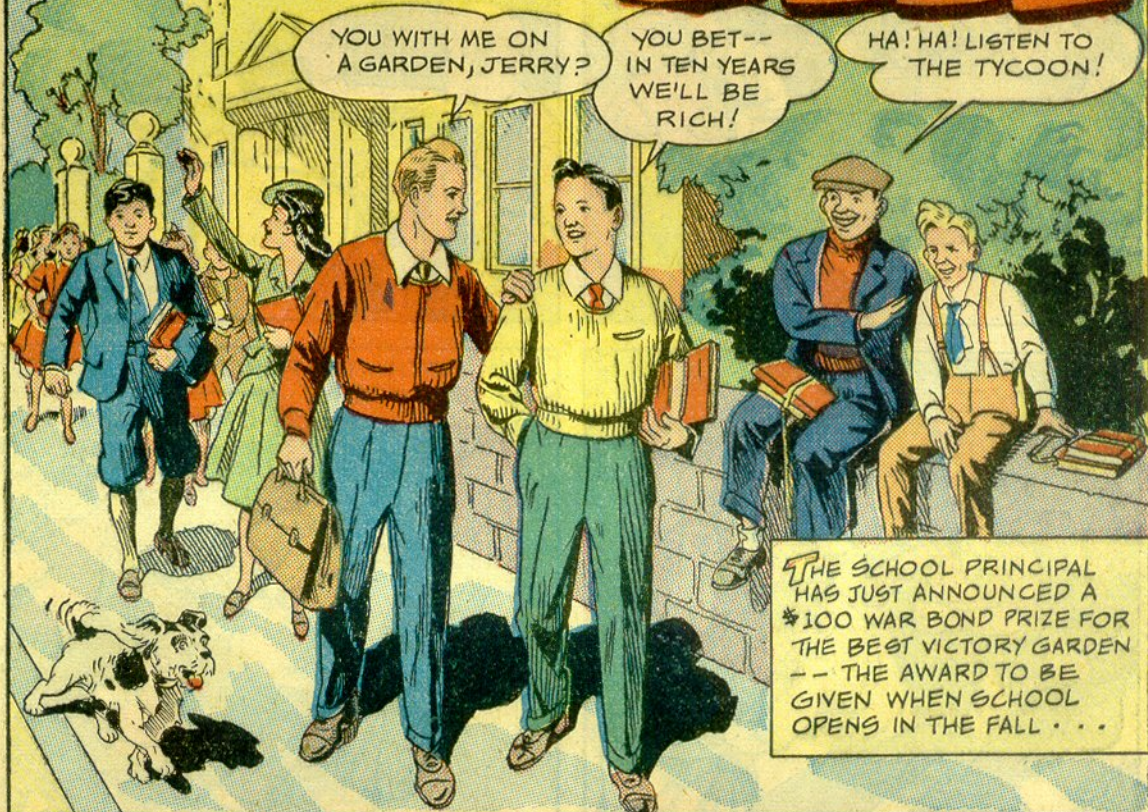
DON'T KNOW...MAYBE WE'LL, BOB, LETS GET ALONG AND NOT HOLD UP THESE EARLY BIRDS



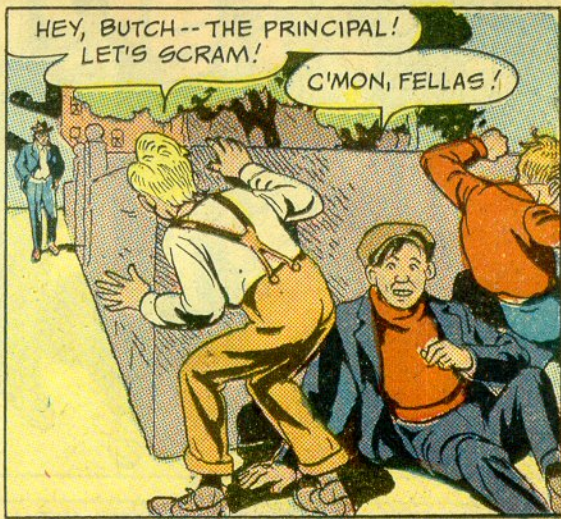
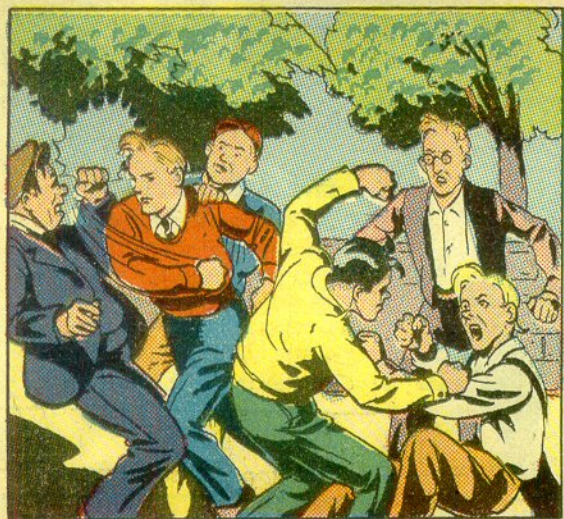


SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

Edison BELL



THE WINTER'S LONG SO SAVE YOUR HEAT
AND YOU'LL BE WARM FROM HEAD TO FEET.

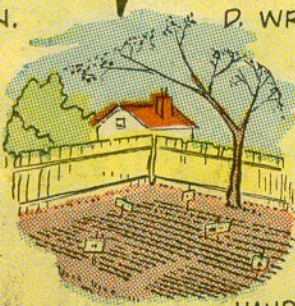


HOW TO START YOUR *Victory* GARDEN~~

A. FIND A SUITABLE LOCATION.

B. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL VICTORY GARDEN COUNCIL OR THE PERSON IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THAT HAD THE BEST GARDEN LAST YEAR.

C. WRITE, IF NECESSARY, TO YOUR STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE... OR TO A RELIABLE GARDEN MAGAZINE.

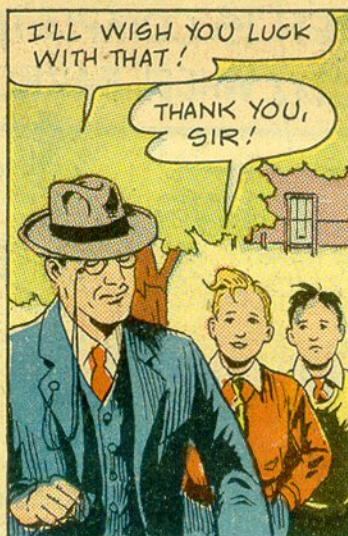
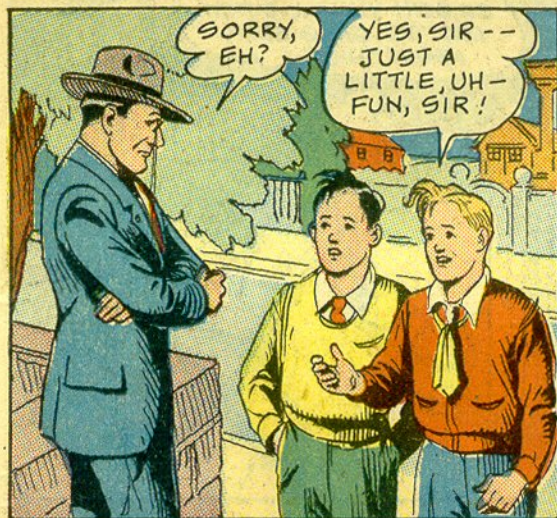


D. WRITE TO THE OFFICE OF INFORMATION, U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D.C. FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKLETS:
1. "GROWING VEGETABLES IN TOWN AND COUNTRY"
--ASK FOR # M.P.-538

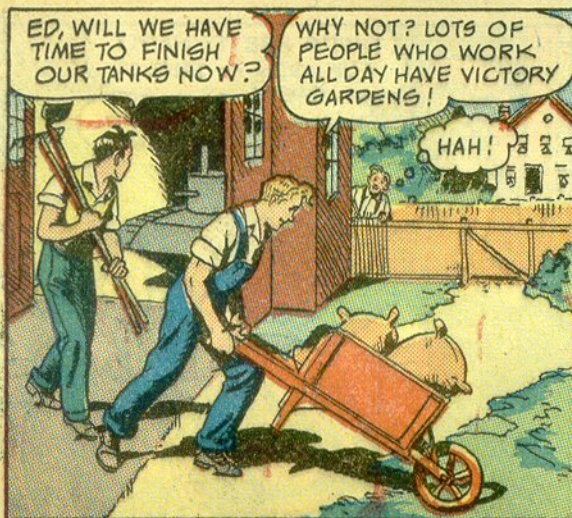
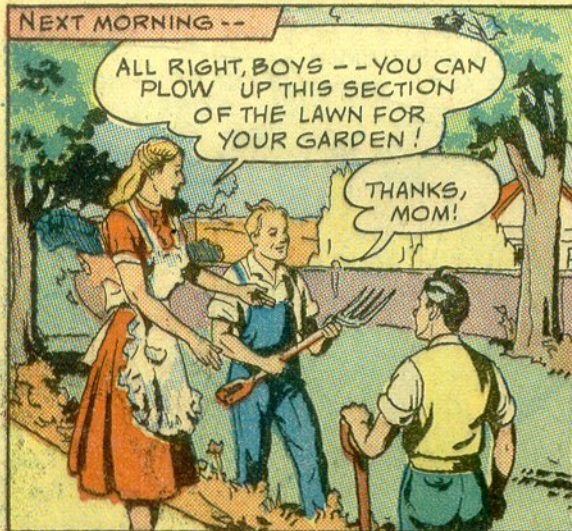
2. "VICTORY GARDENERS' HAND BOOK ON INSECTS AND DISEASES"
NUMBER M.P.525
3. "INSECT GUIDE" # A.W.I.-95



Q UESTION No. 8. Is the head of a school "the principle" or "the principal"?



NEXT MORNING --



NO VICTORY GARDEN IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A *Victory* WHEEL BARROW

THIS ALL WOOD WHEELBARROW IS EXTREMELY EASY TO MAKE. USING SCRAP WOOD FOR THE "CHASSIS", MOUNT A SOAP BOX, THE TOP AND PART OF BACK END REMOVED.

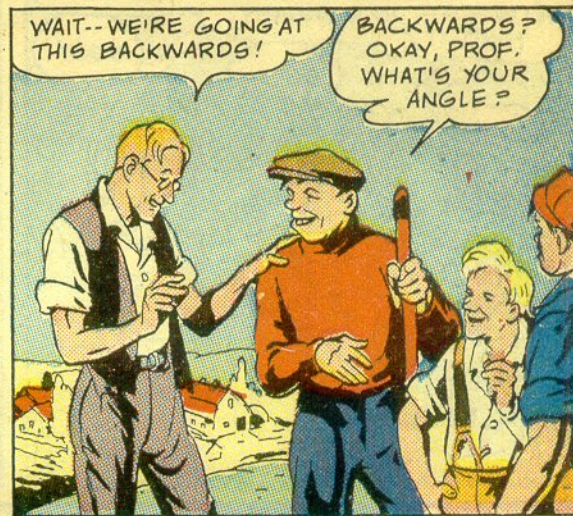
ANY SPARE WHEEL WILL SERVE THE PURPOSE. IF YOU HAVE NONE, SEE RIGHT...

CHASSIS



• THE WHEEL •

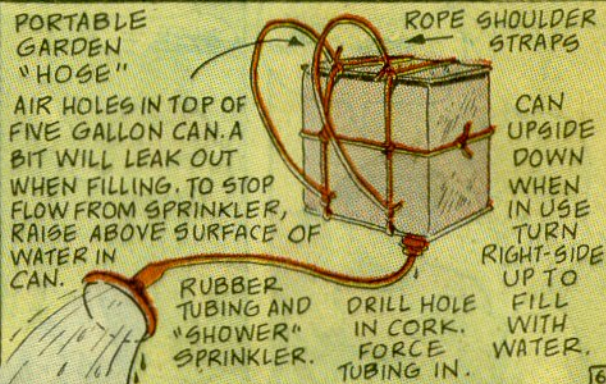
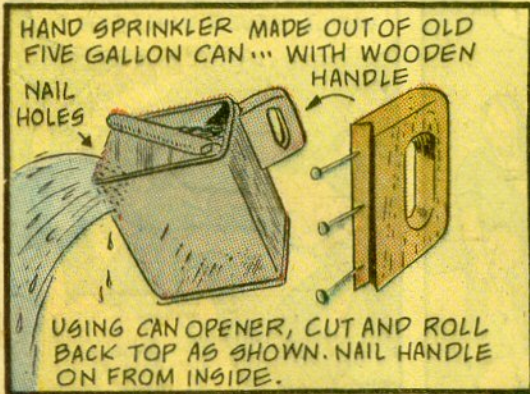
CAREFULLY REMOVE THE BOTTOMS OF TWO TALL PEACH BASKETS. GLUE THESE CIRCULAR WOOD BASES TOGETHER, THEIR GRAINS CROSSING LIKE AN "X" WHEN DRY. REINFORCE WITH NAILS.

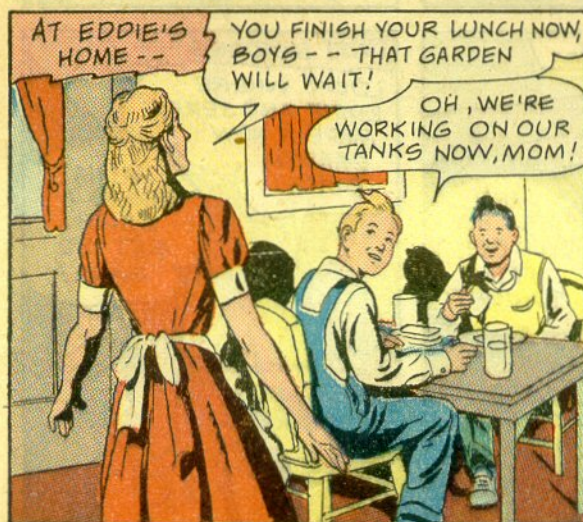


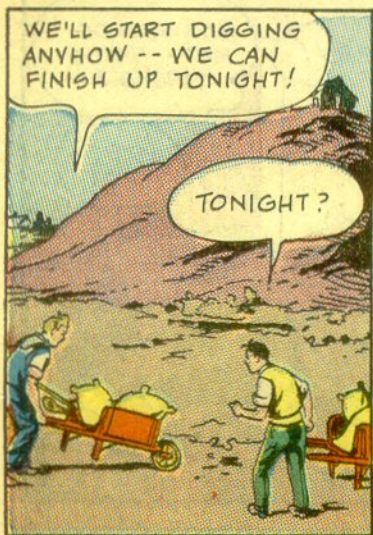


TWO EASILY MADE

Victory SPRINKLERS ...

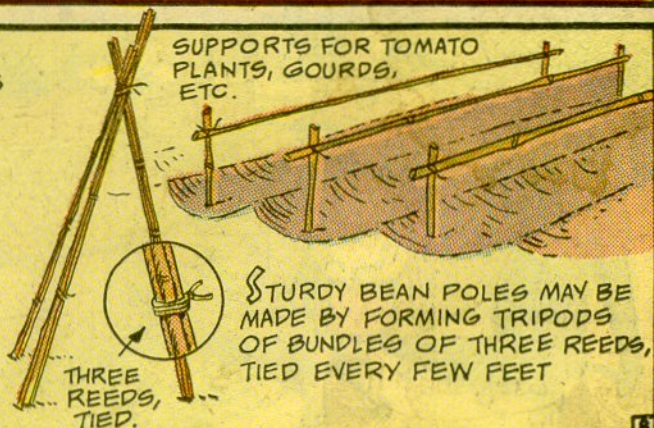






WILD *Victory* REED REPLACES METAL STAKES

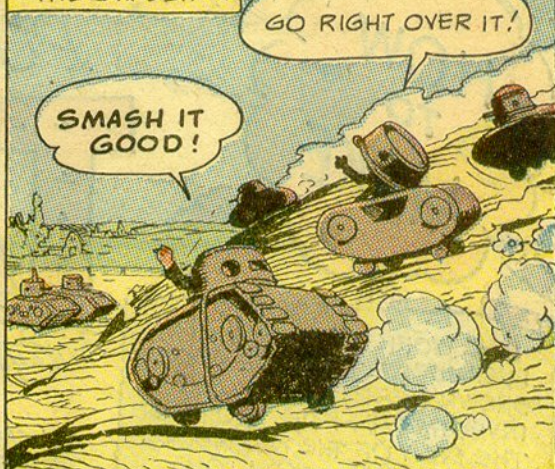
WILD REED, WHICH GROWS IN DENSE CLUMPS, SOMETIMES MORE THAN TEN FEET TALL, ALONG RIVERS LAKES AND MARSHES IN MOST SECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES, IS THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR METAL STAKES AND DRESSED LUMBER TO SUPPORT YOUR BEANS AND OTHER ANNUAL CLIMBERS.



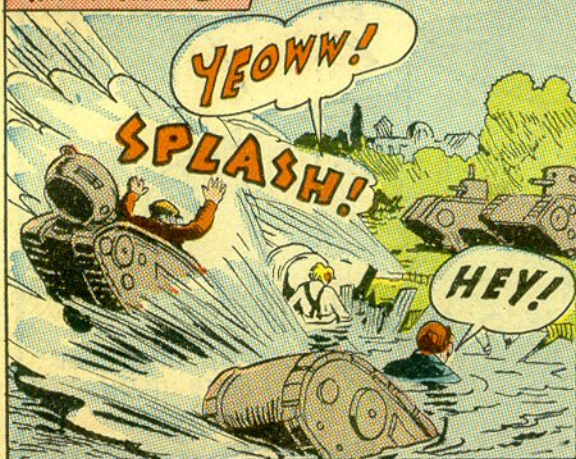
THE BATTLE STARTS!



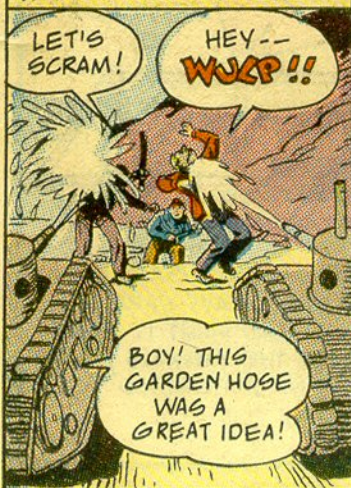
BUTCH'S TANKS ROLL STRAIGHT TOWARD THE GARDEN ...



BUT EDDIE'S SURPRISE STOPS THEM -- TANK TRAPS ...



EDDIE AND JERRY ATTACK WITH WATER!



YOUR STRATEGY WAS ALL WET, WASN'T IT, BUTCH?



SO, NOW WHAT? OUR TERMS OF SURRENDER ARE THAT YOU AND YOUR GANG MAKE YOUR OWN GARDEN AND TRY TO WIN THAT PRIZE!

YEAH -- VICTORY GARDENS HELP THE COUNTRY!

EDDIE AND JERRY SEEM TO HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA -- HOW ABOUT ALL OF YOU READERS? HOW'S YOUR VICTORY GARDEN?

EDISON BELL'S PUSHMOBILE

TANK

HOW
TO
MAKE

THE WORK PUT INTO A PUSHMOBILE TANK LIKE EDDIE'S, SHOWN HERE, IS A SWELL INVESTMENT - FOR YOU'LL BE THE ENVY OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD! NOW, DIG UP SOME SCRAP WOOD, A FEW USED LARGE CARDBOARD SIGNS --- AND GO TO WORK!

By *Ed Bell*

BROOM STICK
"CANNONS"
PUSHED THROUGH
HOLES IN
CAN

TANK'S TRACTOR
THREADS ARE
PAINTED ON
WITH BLACK
PAINT AS
SHOWN.

TIN CAN NAILED
TO TOP OF BOX

WOOD
SOAP
BOX

FLAP OF
CARDBOARD
LIFTED UP
TO SHOW
HOW IT IS
TACKED
TO FRAME.

BOTTOM FRONT LEFT
OPEN TO PERMIT
WHEELS TO TURN

BROOM STICK
"CANNONS"

"SUPER STRUCTURE"
LIFTS UP ON
HINGES

BOX SEAT

$\frac{3}{4}$ " X $1\frac{3}{4}$ " WOOD

2" X 4" WOOD
PIECES

BOLT

YOUR
PUSHMOBILE

HINGES

"TANK"
FRAMEWORK

OPEN

MOUNT A SIMPLE FRAMEWORK OF STICKS, NAILING THEM SECURELY IN PLACE, ON YOUR HOME MADE PUSHMOBILE. COVER THIS FRAMEWORK WITH HEAVY CARD - BOARD, OLD WINDOW SHADE MATERIAL, OR WHAT HAVE YOU --- AND PAINT IT GREY - OR CAMOUFLAGE COLORS. THE BEST MATERIAL TO COVER THE TANK IS, OF COURSE, PLYWOOD --- HOWEVER, THE OTHER SUGGESTED MATERIALS WILL ALSO SERVE.

SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

You and What Army!

by MILT HAMMER

"WHEE, where did you get that black eye, Johnny? Boy, oh boy — the other guy sure must have socked you a good one. What happened to the other kid, huh?"

Johnny Adams was getting tired and angry at his friends for asking him the same questions. What difference did it make where he got the black eye? He had it and knew that he had to make the best of it until it disappeared in a week or so.

But, Johnny knew that he would be given no rest by his friends until he told them how he got it. He thought he might as well tell them now while they were all gathered together for their meeting in the Sparkie A. C. clubhouse.

"Well, fellows," he began, "this is the way I got this black eye."

"Come on now," Timmy Mahoney interrupted, "the real low-down, Johnny. I betcha somebody socked you good and hard. Was he bigger than you, huh? Did you sock him a good one, too?"

"Sure, somebody did sock me—but if you'll all be quiet for a few minutes I'll tell you the whole story from start to finish."

And this is the tale he told.

* * *

Yesterday afternoon, right after school, Johnny went down to Pop Grundy's drug-store for a soda when some clumsy kid bumped into him and dropped a double-dip ice cream cone on his shirt. He waited for him to excuse him-

self, but he just stood there looking at Johnny.

"You better look out where you're going," he said to him, real tough like.

"Are you looking for trouble?" Johnny asked him in a soft tone. It made him mad to see ice cream all over his clean shirt. He knew his mom would be good and angry when she saw it.

"Ha, ha," the kid said. "I can lick you any time."

Just then Pop Grundy came from behind the soda counter and stepped between the two boys.

He was a happy, rotund little man who laughed a great deal with all the boys and seldom was angered by their antics, but when he spoke to them sternly they generally listened. Only last week two husky fellows had gotten into a terrific argument and Pop Grundy had amazed everyone by calmly taking them by the scuff of the neck. Five minutes later they found themselves on the sidewalk.

"You're not to return 'til you can mend your manners," he told them angrily. And they hadn't. Pop stood between the two boys now and laid his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Come on, fellows," he said. "You know better than to start a fight in my store. Be quiet or you'll have to leave."

Soon after the fresh kid left and Johnny wasn't far behind him. Coming out of Pop Grundy's place Johnny got knocked down by somebody who was running like sixty and not

watching where he was going. Both the kids were kind of dazed for a minute. Then they got to their feet and Johnny saw with anger that it was the same kid who had spilled the ice cream on him not ten minutes before in Pop's.

"So," he said to this kid, "Trying to be funny again, eh? You're a pretty husky little kid but maybe you're a little too tough and fresh for your own good."

"What do you mean by that, huh?" the kid asked. "I've never seen you before in my whole life!"

"Oh, no!" Johnny said. "Gee, you certainly have a terrible memory for a tough guy. You pumpkin' head!"

"Hey, you," the kid retorted. "Don't call me pumpkin' head or I'll bust you one in the eye!"

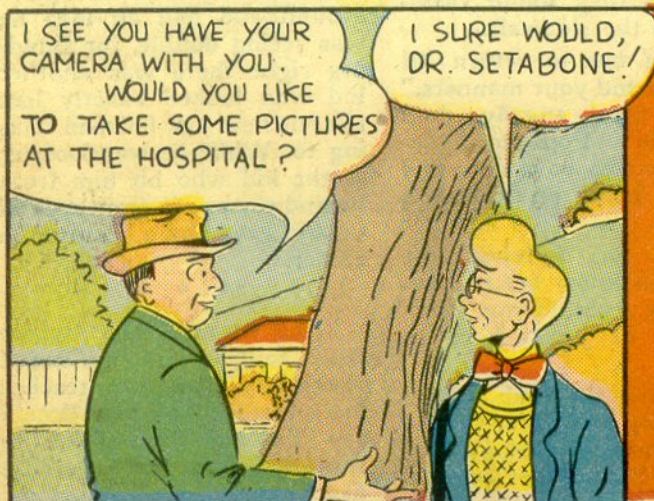
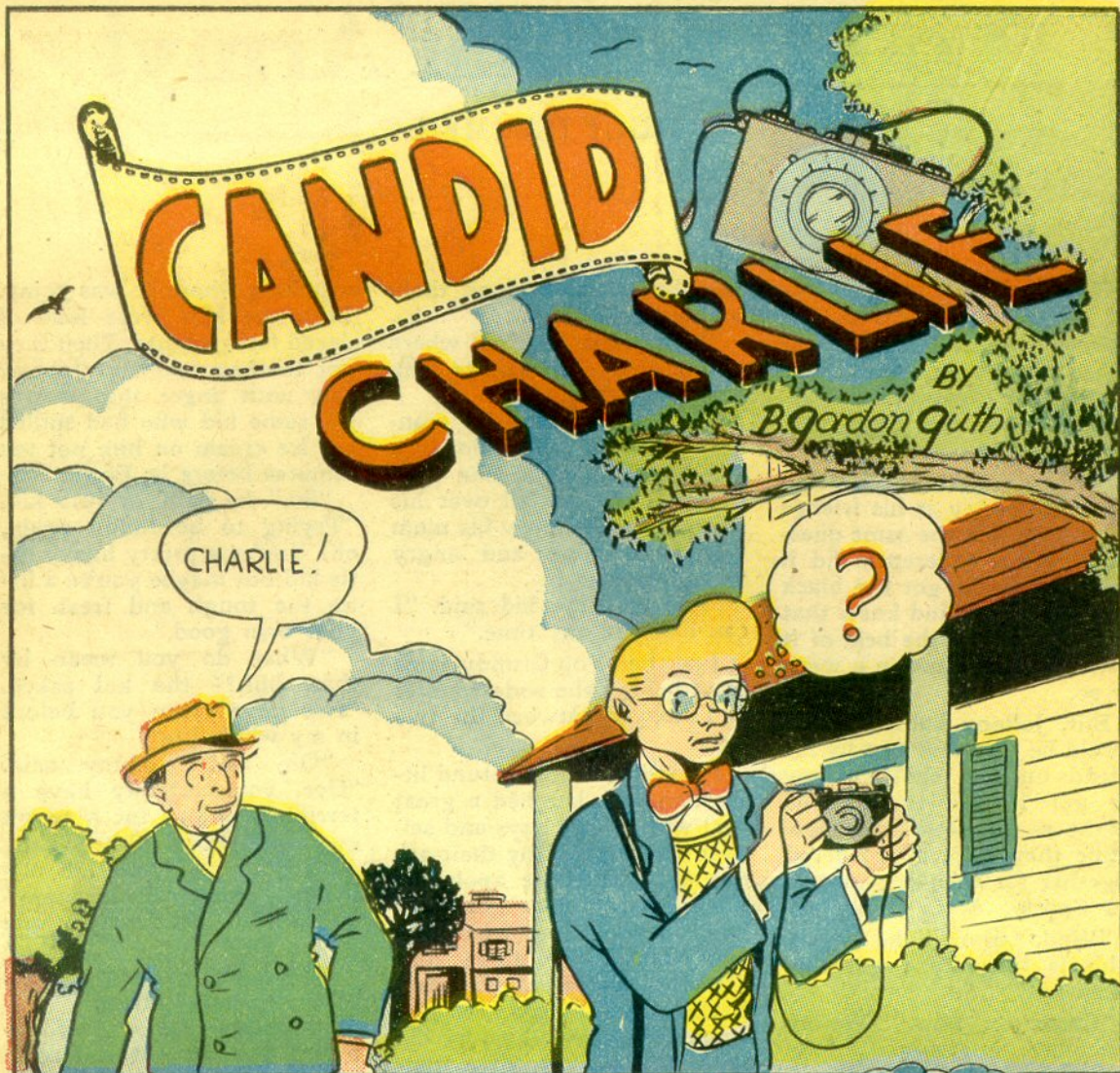
"Oh, yeah," Johnny replied. "You and what army?"

Just then from out of nowhere Johnny got a terrific smack on the back. He turned around and had an idea he was seeing double, for standing right there was another kid who looked exactly like the one he'd just finished talking to. While he was looking at the kid who hit him from behind the one in front wound up and gave him a beauty of a shiner.

* * *

"And that's the whole truth, fellows," Johnny ended sheepishly. "It sure teaches me a lesson! The next time I say 'You and what army?' to some kid, I'm gonna be sure first that he isn't twins!!"

THE END



**DON'T EVER DOUBT YOUR HOME-FRONT CHORE
WILL HELP A LOT TO WIN THIS WAR**

AT THE LENSVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

OH! LOOK, THERE'S CHARLIE. MAYBE HE'LL SNAP OUR PICTURES.

HI'YA, GIRLS!

O.K., GIRLS-ALL SET.

HEY! WHERE YA GOING-- I DIDN'T TAKE A SHOT.

CHARLIE, I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE TO TAKE PICTURES OF NURSES. COME WITH ME.

I ER---

TAKE OFF YOUR JACKET.

BUT, I'M NOT WARM!

PUT THIS ON!

GOSH, I CAN'T EVEN STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD, AND HERE I AM DRESSING LIKE A DOCTOR.

SAY-- WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

PHOTOGRAPH AN OPERATION!

GULP!
I FEEL SICK!

TAKE IT
EASY. IT
ISN'T AS BAD
AS ALL THAT.

YOU SEE, CHARLIE, A VERY FAMOUS SURGEON IS
GOING TO PERFORM A DELICATE OPERATION. HE
RECORDS EVERY OPERATION IN **THIRD
DIMENSIONAL** PHOTOGRAPHY. HE HAS
SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT, BUT THE
PHOTOGRAPHER DIDN'T SHOW UP-- SO, WE
NEED YOU AND YOUR CAMERA.

AS THEY WALK TOWARDS
THE OPERATING ROOM.

DR. SETABONE!

AH! MR. DINGLE,
HOW ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND THE
FORMALITIES. STEPPED INTO
THE OFFICE A MINUTE!

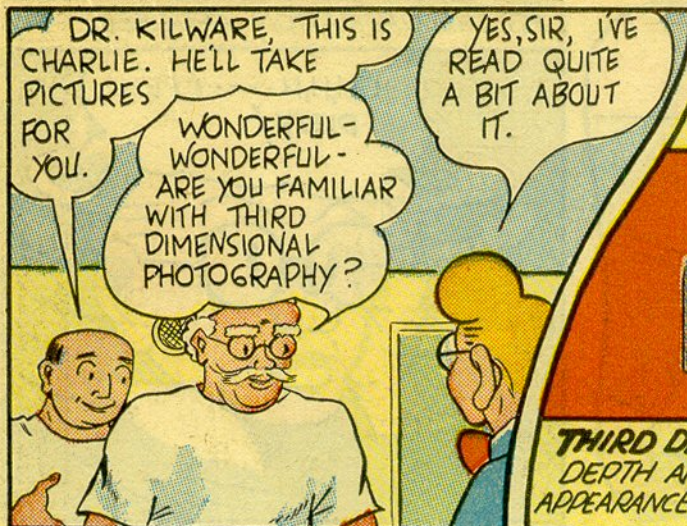
AND FURTHERMORE, I WILL
WITHDRAW MY SUPPORT OF
THIS HOSPITAL IF YOU DON'T
STOP FOOLING AROUND
WITH FADS--- TAKING
PICTURES- BAH!

WE HAVE THE PATIENT'S
CONSENT AND A VERY
FAMOUS SURGEON IS
OPERATING.
I THINK IT'S A
MARVELOUS IDEA!

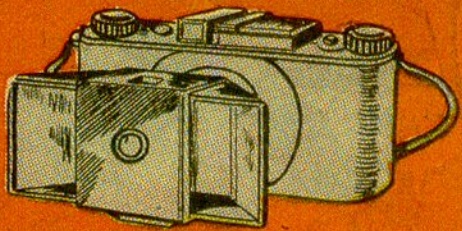
**MR. DINGLE IS
FINALLY CONVINCED.**

WE OWE IT TO THE
ADVANCEMENT OF
MEDICAL SCIENCE

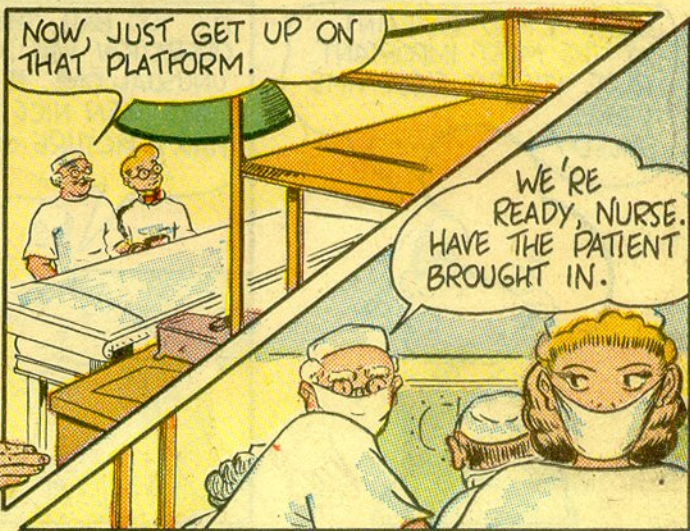
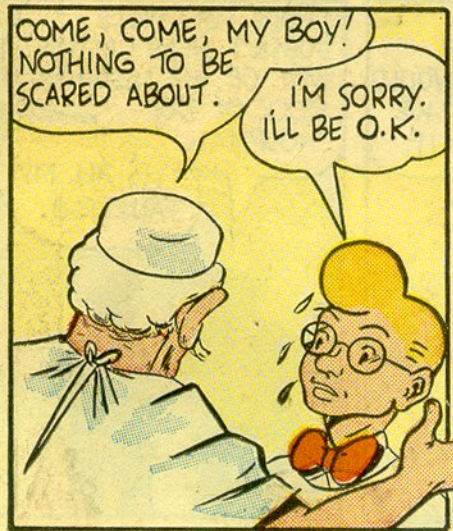
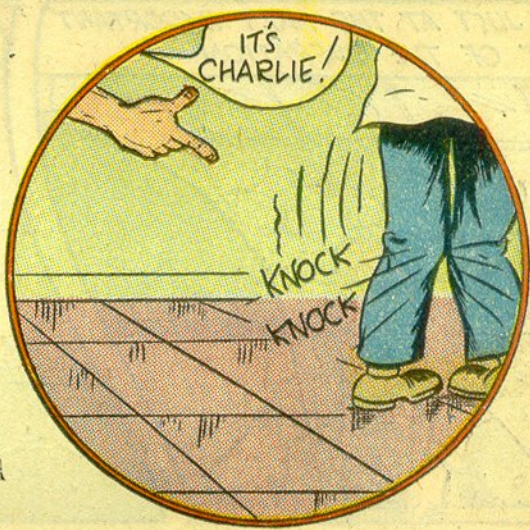
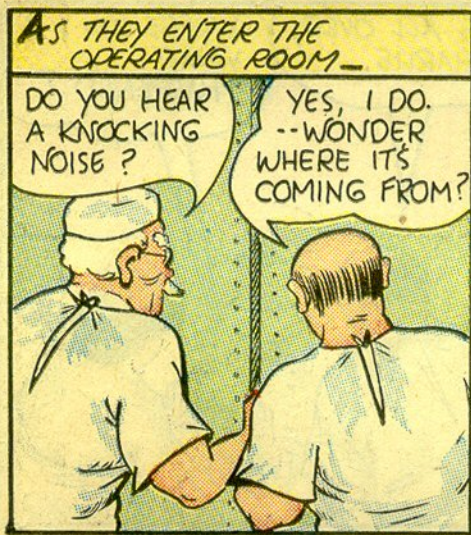
WELL--- I
STILL THINK IT'S
CRAZY, BUT
I'LL GIVE IN.



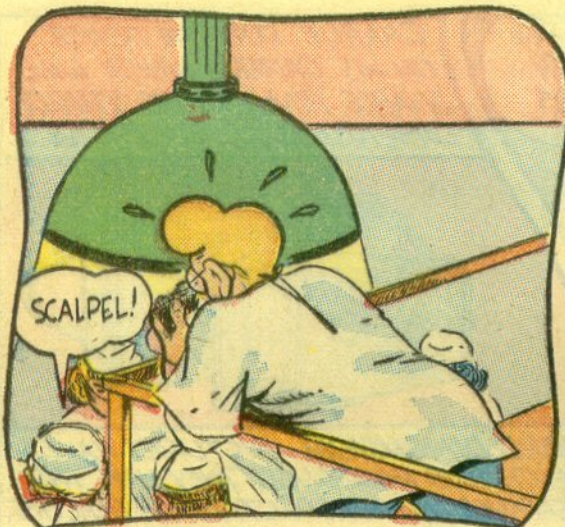
CHARLIE PUTS THE DEVICE ON HIS CAMERA WHICH WILL ENABLE HIM TO TAKE **THIRD DIMENSIONAL** PICTURES.



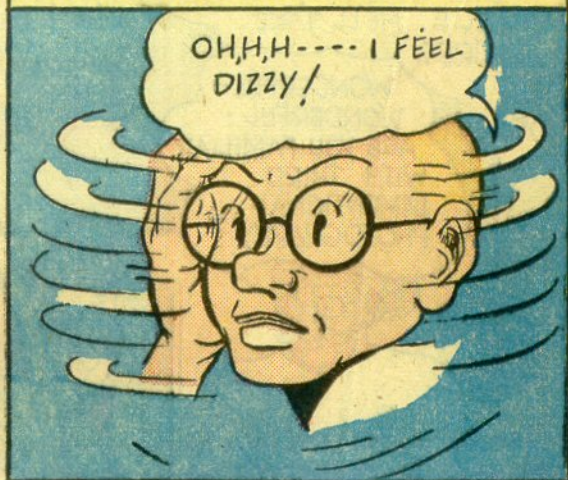
THIRD DIMENSION PICTURES HAVE DEPTH AND ROUNDNESS. THEY HAVE THE APPEARANCE AND PERSPECTIVE OF REAL LIFE.



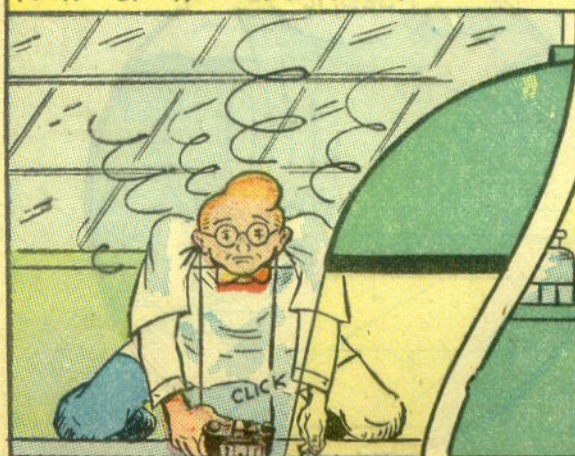
Q QUESTION No. 13. Can you give any synonyms for "device" as used here?



AS THE OPERATION PROGRESSES.



AND JUST AT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE OPERATION---



IT'S ALL OVER, CHARLIE.

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?



GOSH! I HAD TO FAINT AT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART. IT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER FAILED!



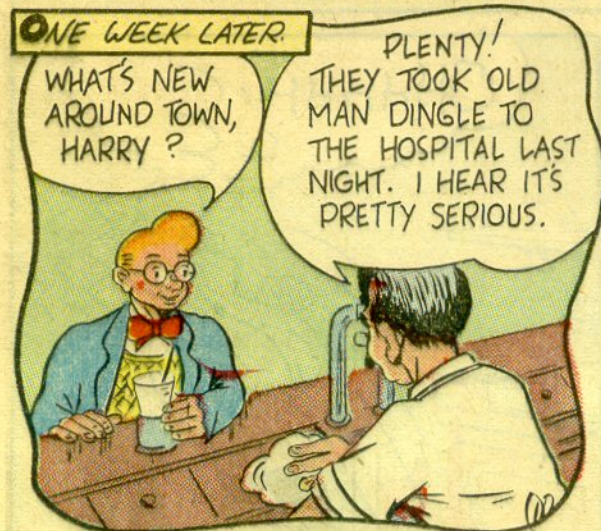
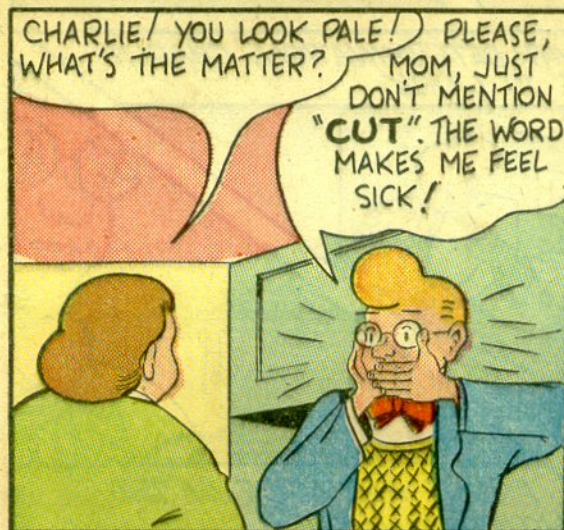
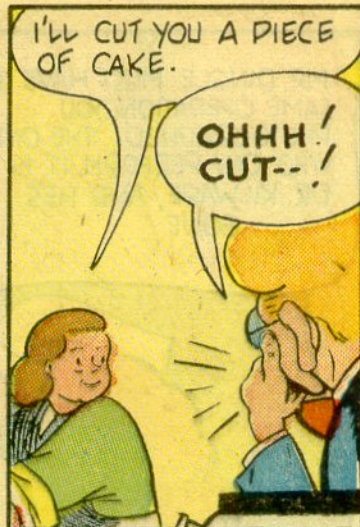
IT'S TOO BAD. THE OPERATION WAS AN UNUSUAL ONE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE IF WE HAD A PICTURE OF IT.

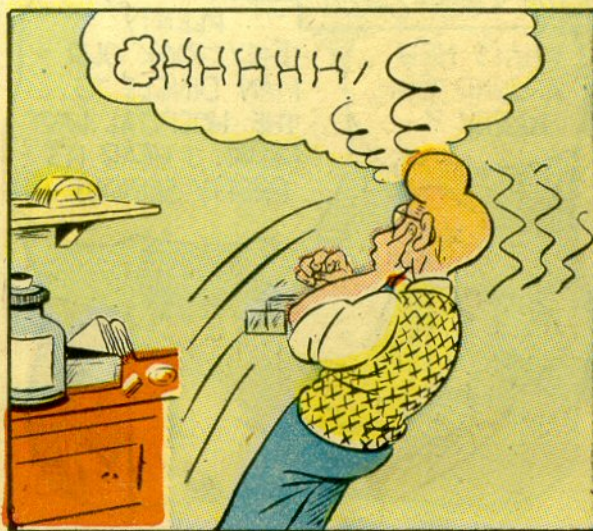
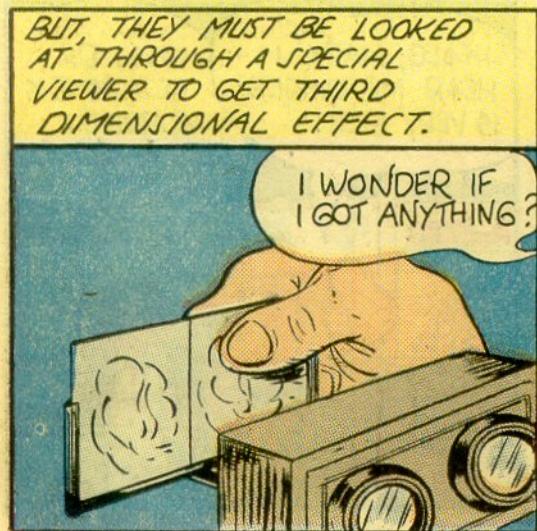
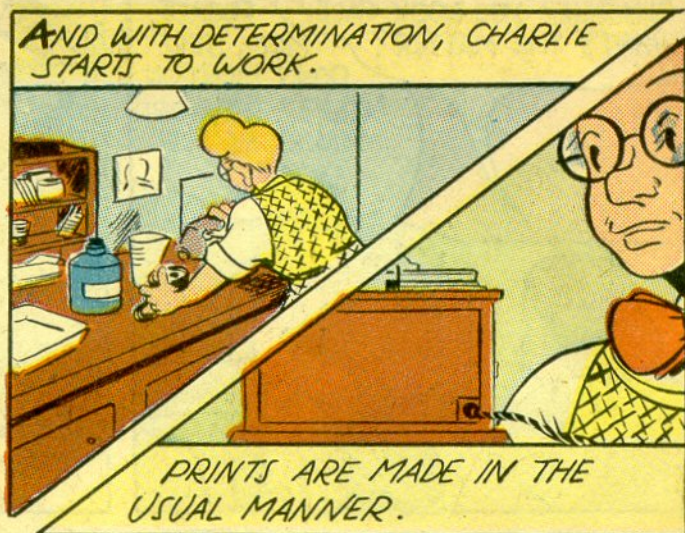
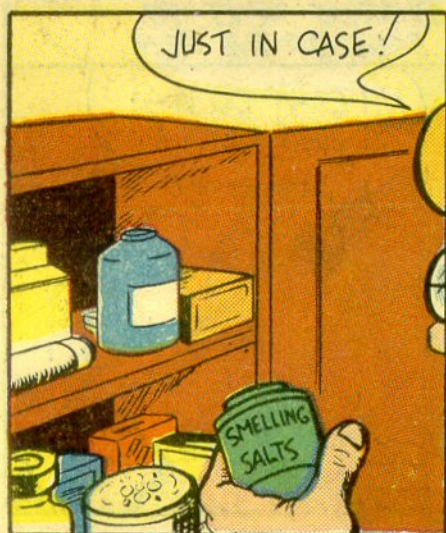
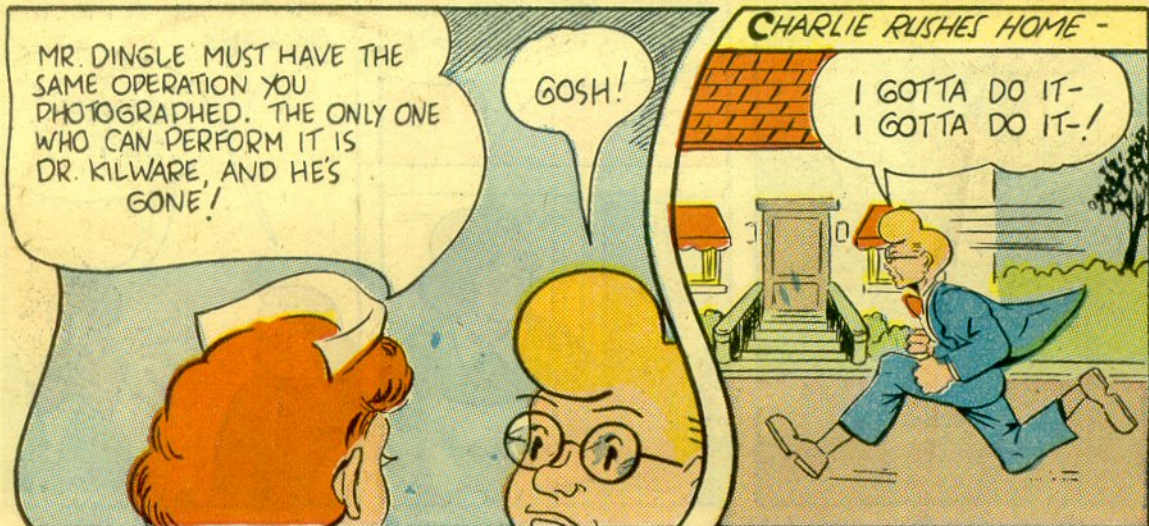


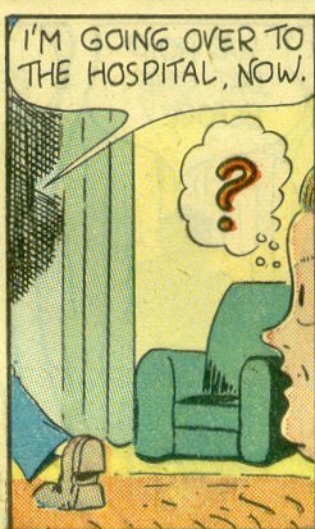
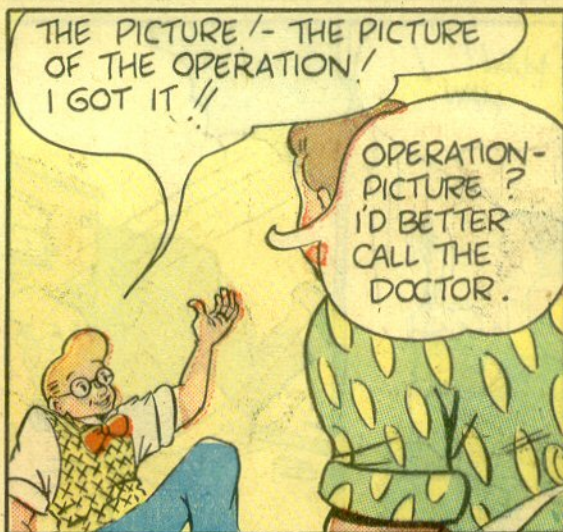
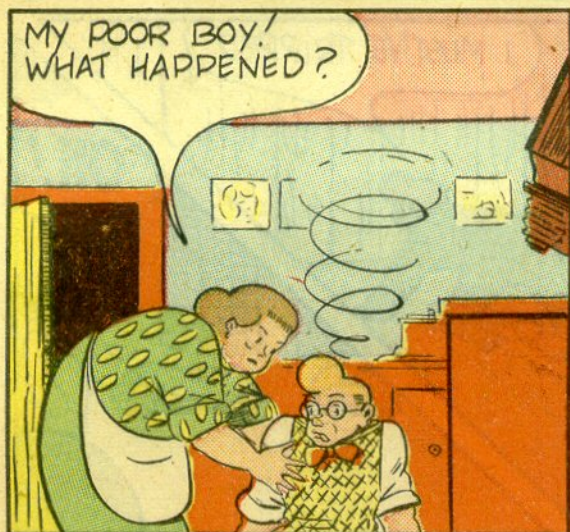
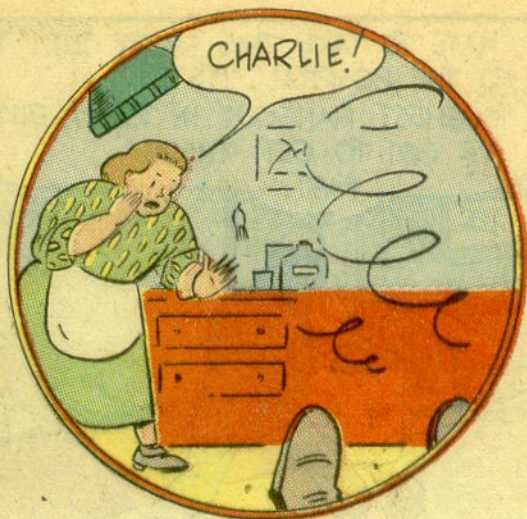
I HOPE MR. DINGLE DOESN'T HEAR OF THIS. WE'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE HOSPITAL.

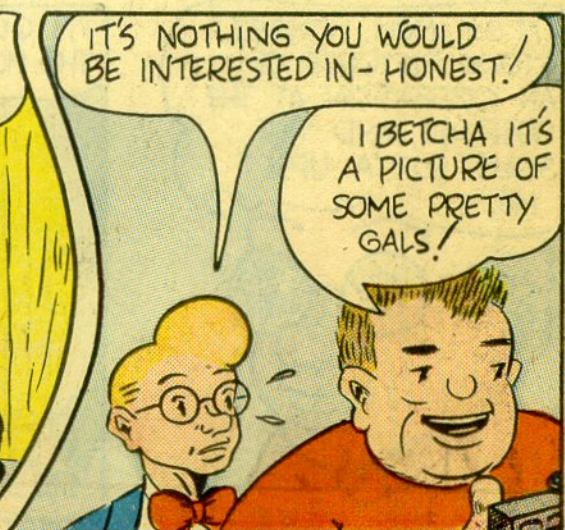
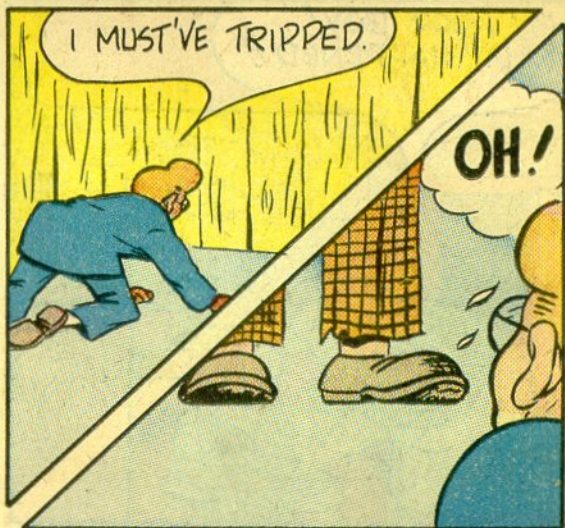
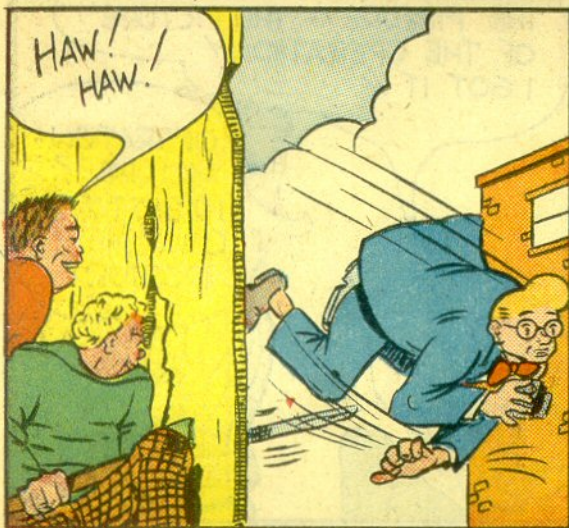
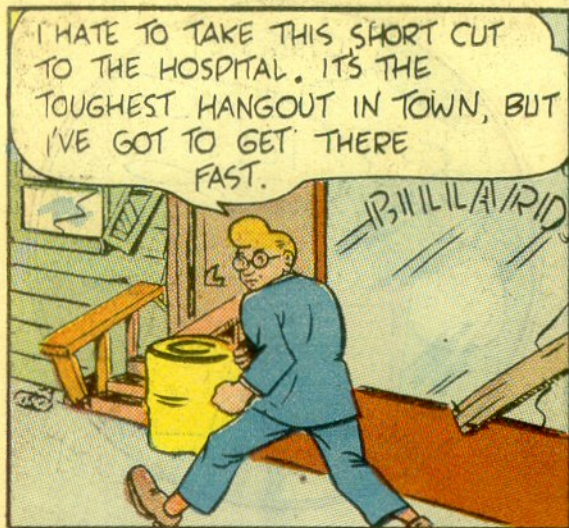
IT'S ALL MY FAULT, TOO.

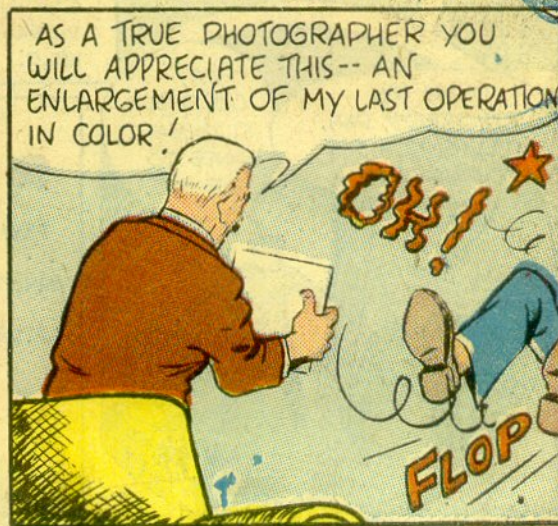
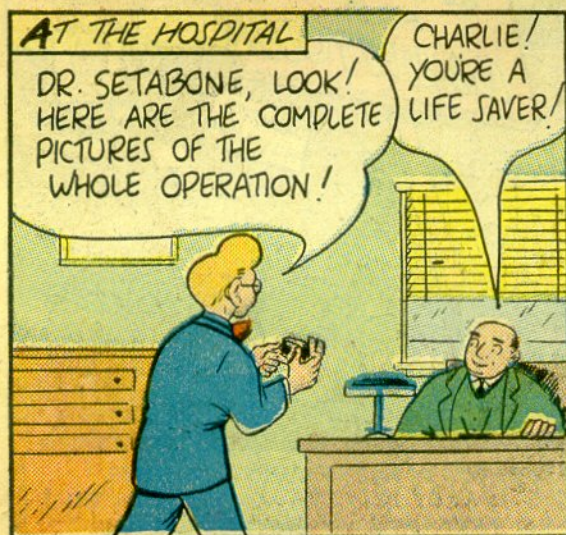
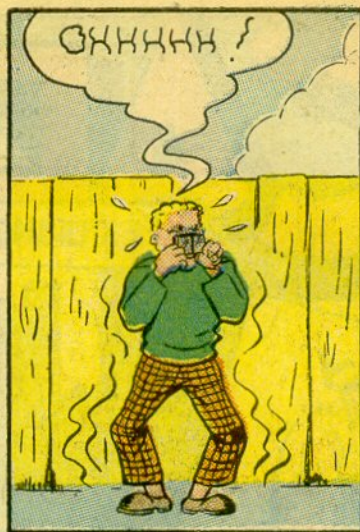








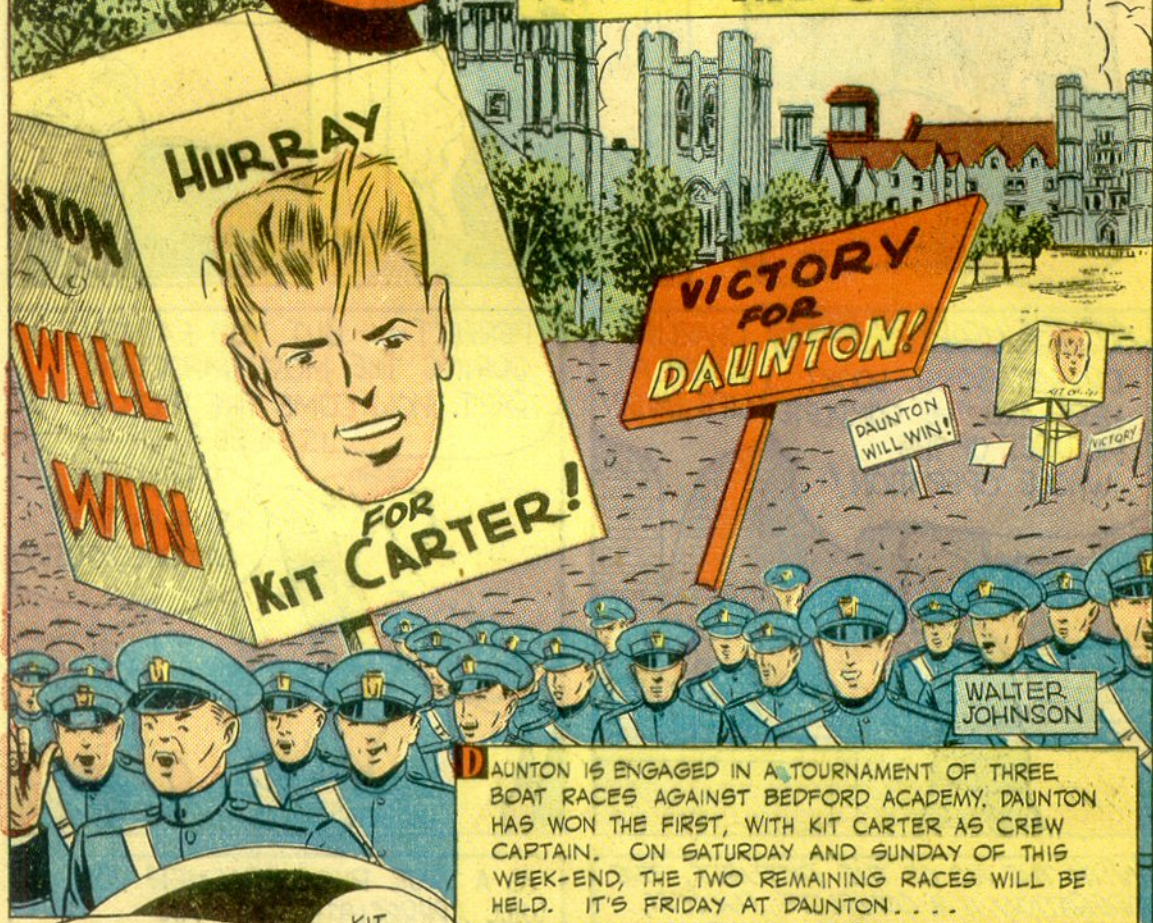




SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

The CADET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



DAUNTTON IS ENGAGED IN A TOURNAMENT OF THREE BOAT RACES AGAINST BEDFORD ACADEMY. DAUNTTON HAS WON THE FIRST, WITH KIT CARTER AS CREW CAPTAIN. ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY OF THIS WEEK-END, THE TWO REMAINING RACES WILL BE HELD. IT'S FRIDAY AT DAUNTTON. . . .

IF WE WIN TOMORROW, DAN, IT'LL CLINCH THE TOURNAMENT.

KIT, COLONEL TILGHMAN WANTS TO SEE YOU.



FEW MINUTES LATER...

KIT, THIS IS COLONEL MILLER, A DAUNTTON ALUMNUS AND ONE OF OUR TRUSTEES. HE'S HERE FOR THE RACES.

AND I'M EXPECTING MY DAUGHTER TODAY...

IT WILL MAKE THE JAP AND JERRY SORE WHEN WE AT HOME HELP WIN THE WAR.



YOU'RE TO DRIVE INTO TOWN NOW, KIT, AND PICK MISS MILLER UP.

YES, SIR. BUT HOW WILL I KNOW HER?

AH, HERE'S JOAN'S PICTURE.



SAY--!

I'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, SIR.



JOAN AND I ARE DINING WITH SPECIAL FRIENDS, SO RETURN AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

DON'T WORRY. KIT'S VERY DEPENDABLE.



SO YOU'RE GOING TO PICK UP COLONEL MILLER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER!

BET YOU'LL TAKE A DETOUR, ON THE WAY BACK!



OH, NO! I'VE GOT TO GET HER BACK RIGHT ON TIME OR I'LL BE IN DUTCH!



LUCKY GUY. GETS ALL THE BREAKS, BECAUSE HE'S CREW CAPTAIN. I WAS ALMOST ELECTED.

BUT YOU WEREN'T, GEORGE. SO STOP BEEFING.



WE'RE ALL ON THE CREW, AND WE'VE GOT TO PULL TOGETHER FOR VICTORY.

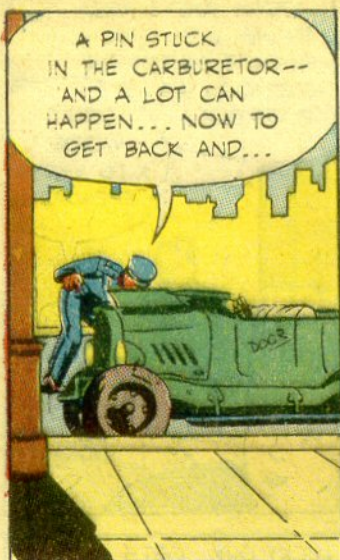
SURE! UH... SEE YOU LATER. I'VE GOT A LITTLE ERRAND IN TOWN.

A HALF HOUR LATER...

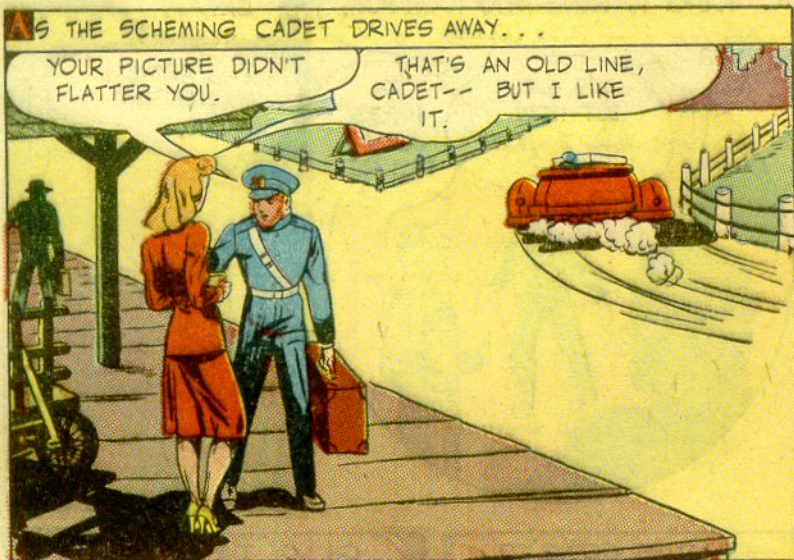
SO KIT'LL BE IN DUTCH IF ANYTHING HAPPENS... MMM... THERE'S HIS CAR.



QUESTION No. 16 Rearrange the letters R-O-U-T-E-D to get a word on this page.

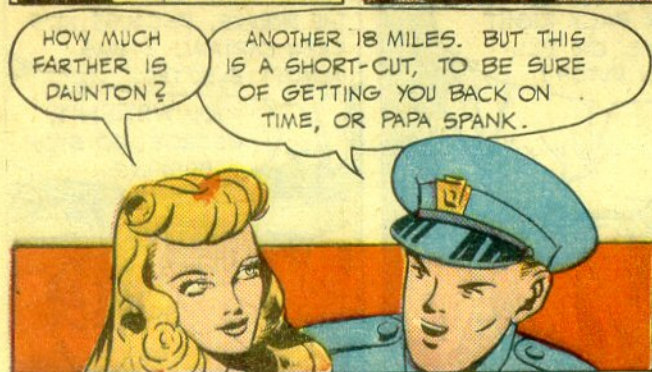


A PIN STUCK
IN THE CARBURETOR--
AND A LOT CAN
HAPPEN... NOW TO
GET BACK AND...



YOUR PICTURE DIDN'T
FLATTER YOU.

THAT'S AN OLD LINE,
CADET-- BUT I LIKE
IT.



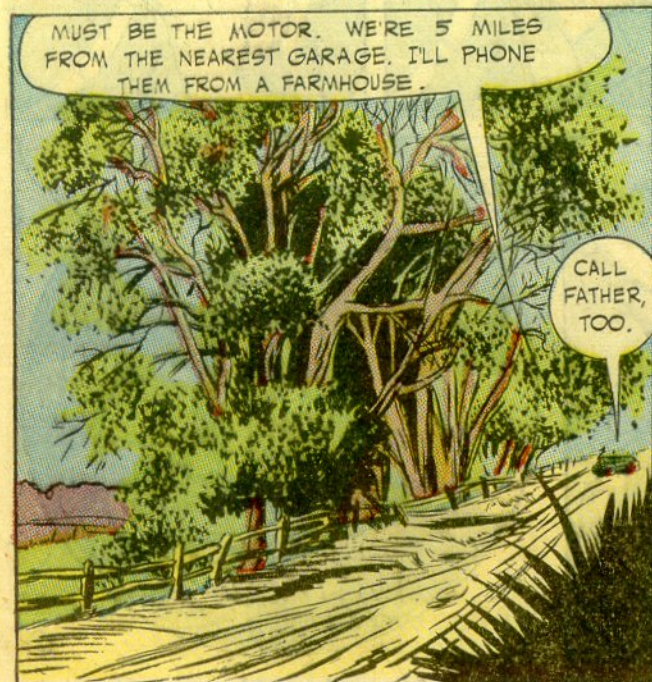
HOW MUCH
FARTHER IS
DAUNTON?

ANOTHER 18 MILES. BUT THIS
IS A SHORT-CUT, TO BE SURE
OF GETTING YOU BACK ON
TIME, OR PAPA SPANK.



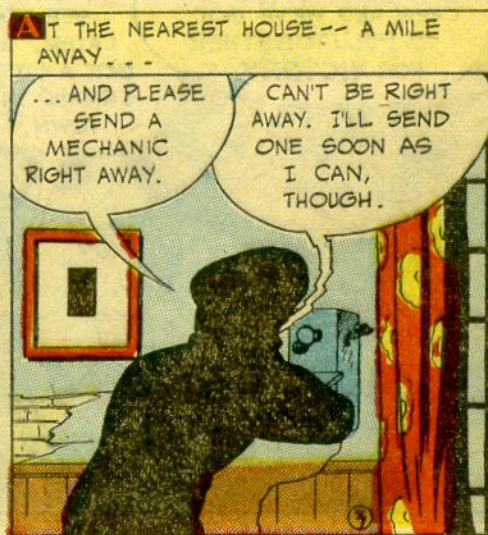
FATHER'S REALLY
A DEAR. HE... WHY,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER? WE'VE
STOPPED.

THAT'S
FUNNY.
PLENTY OF
GAS.



MUST BE THE MOTOR. WE'RE 5 MILES
FROM THE NEAREST GARAGE. I'LL PHONE
THEM FROM A FARMHOUSE.

CALL
FATHER,
TOO.



AT THE NEAREST HOUSE-- A MILE
AWAY...

... AND PLEASE
SEND A
MECHANIC
RIGHT AWAY.

CAN'T BE RIGHT
AWAY. I'LL SEND
ONE SOON AS
I CAN,
THOUGH.

WHEN KIT CALLS DAUNTON,
WHERE...

YES, THIS IS COLONEL
TILGHMAN'S OFFICE. OH, KIT...
IT'S DAN. CAR TROUBLE?
GOSH, TOO BAD. SURE,
I'LL TELL COLONEL
MILLER.

FAT CHANCE.



I FIGURED ON HIS
PHONING. GUESS I SOUNDED
LIKE DAN... STALLED,
HA, HA!



TWO HOURS PASS. DINNER
IS OVER, AND...

THIS IS TERRIBLE.
SOMETHING MUST HAVE
HAPPENED. I'LL CHECK
THE HOSPITALS,
NOTIFY THE STATE
TROOPERS...

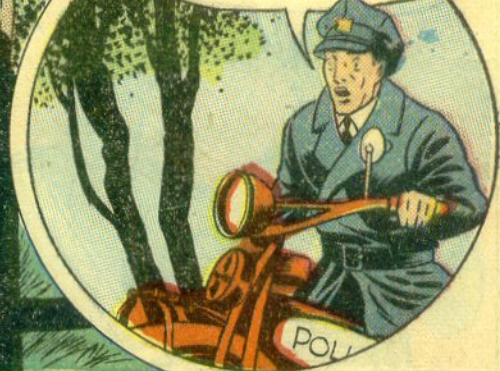


STILL LATER --



WHAT'LL WE DO?
NOT EVEN A PASSING
CAR TO... OH!

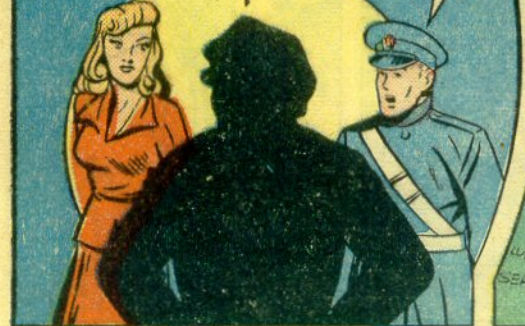
DIDN'T SEE YOUR
CAR. TAIL LIGHT'S OUT.
HEY, YOU MUST BE THE
TWO!.. YOUR FATHER'S
WORRIED STIFF!



MY FATHER
KNOWS WE'RE
STALLED.

STALLED, HUH?
GET THAT
MOTOR RUNNING,
YOUNG
FELLOW.

IT
WON'T
GO.
THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG.



BUT AS KIT STARTS THE CAR...

IT-- IT'S
GOING!

SO THERE'S SOME-
THING WRONG WITH
THE CAR, HUH!

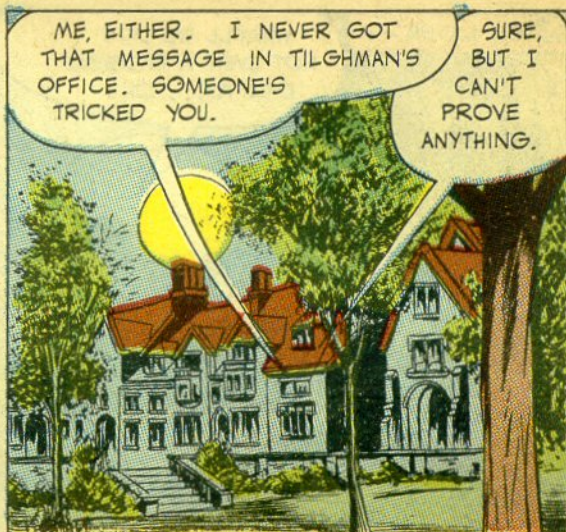
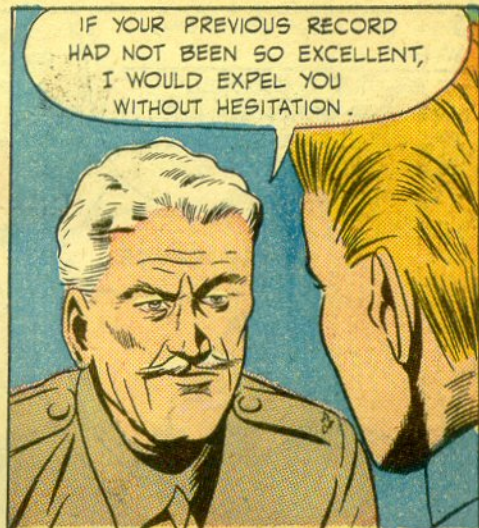
GOSH, THERE
WAS SOME-
THING WRONG!



THE BUMP HAD DISLODGED THE
PIN FROM THE CARBURETOR!

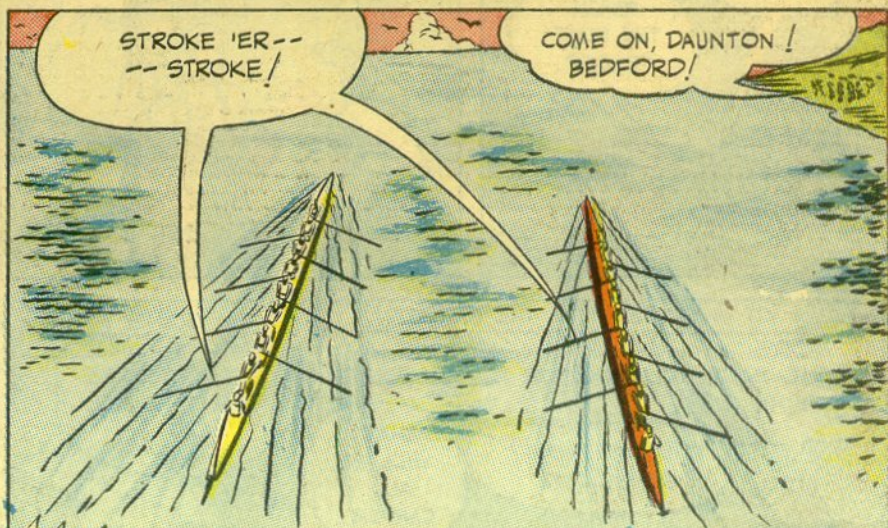


BACK AT
DAUNTON--
COLONEL MILLER
INDIGNANTLY
DEMANDS KIT'S
SUSPENSION
FROM THE
CREW-- AND
COLONEL
TILGHMAN
COMPLIES...





THAT AFTERNOON THE BIG EVENT IS ON. OARS WHIP THE FOAMING WATER AS THE TWO RIVAL CREWS SPEED AHEAD!



BOW-TO-BOW THE TWO BOATS RACE. THEN SUDDENLY...



AS MORE WATER GUSHES IN, THE CREW IS HAMPERED, DISTRACTED..



AND BEDFORD WINS!... LATER...

HOW COULD A LEAK HAVE BEEN SPRUNG?

I DON'T KNOW. THE BOAT WAS INSPECTED THIS MORNING. BUT A PLANK GAVE WAY.

FETCH THE BOAT-TENDER.

THIS PLANK WAS SAWED, THEN GLUED TOGETHER. AND THE WATER DISSOLVED

THE GLUE.

THAT MEANS SOMEONE DELIBERATELY...

WE SAW HIM RUN OUT OF THE BOAT-HOUSE, DIDN'T WE, JOAN?..

KIT CARTER

AGAIN KIT IS CALLED "ON THE CARPET."

I THOUGHT I HAD LEFT MY SWEATER AND WENT BACK TO LOOK FOR IT. YOU DON'T THINK I?..

IT LOOKS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS.

THAT WILL BE ALL, CARTER.

I'M GOING TO PACK AND GET OUT-- BEFORE I'M THROWN OUT!

AW, KIT, MAYBE THINGS'LL CLEAR UP.

KIT! WAIT!

I'M SORRY YOU GOT YOURSELF IN SUCH A JAM. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT EXPELLED.

FOR WHAT? I DIDN'T...! OH, SAVE THE SYMPATHY!

JOAN, COME ON! WE'VE GOT A DATE!

THE NERVE OF THAT DAME-- AFTER ALL SHE DID...

BUT SHE DID SAY SHE WAS SORRY...



SAY, ARE YOU FALLING FOR HER?

NO! I'M GOING UP TO PACK!



IT WAS NICE OF HER TO...

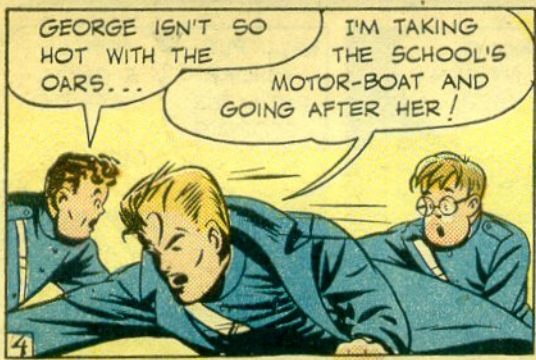
YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW! IT'S GOING TO STORM.



BLACK CLOUDS BURST IN A WIND-SWEPT SKY.

DID YOU HEAR? JOAN'S GONE OFF IN A BOAT WITH GEORGE TO THE FALLS. HER FATHER'S WORRIED STIFF. THEY'RE APT TO DROWN.

HOLY SMOKES!



GEORGE ISN'T SO HOT WITH THE OARS...

I'M TAKING THE SCHOOL'S MOTOR-BOAT AND GOING AFTER HER!



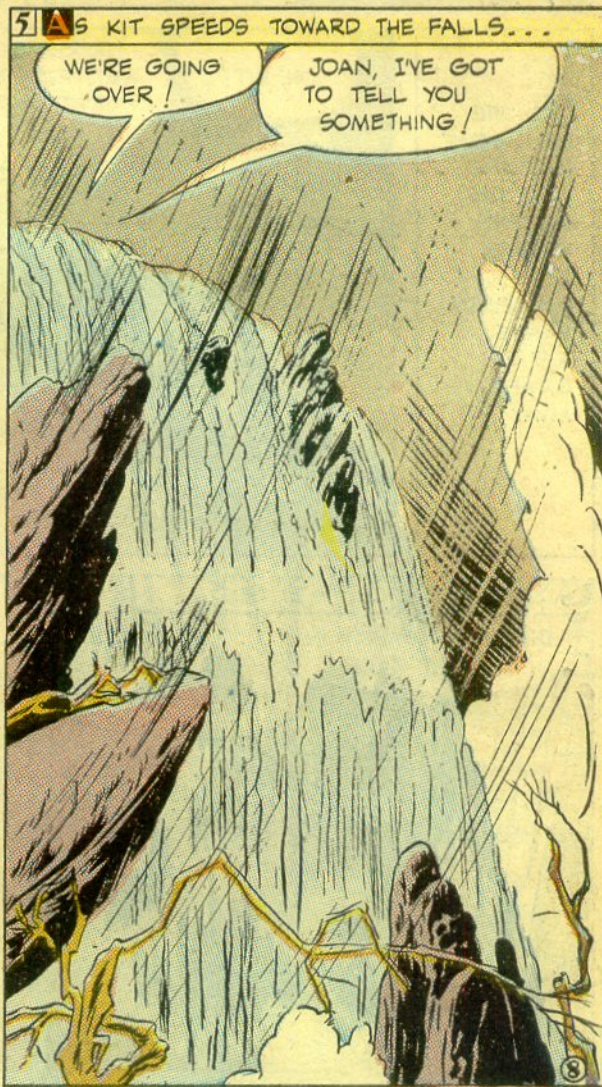
KIT'S CAR STALLED BECAUSE I STUCK A PIN IN THE CARBURETOR!

OH! AND YOU WERE THE ONE WHO RUINED THE RACE?



NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T! MY WORD-- MY OATH-- BEFORE I DIE!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE!



5) AS KIT SPEEDS TOWARD THE FALLS...

WE'RE GOING OVER!

JOAN, I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!



KIT!

GET IN,
QUICK!



AND YOU,
TOO!

AS THE
FRAIL BOAT
HURTLES
INTO THE
BURGING
WATERS,
KIT
SKILLFULLY
HEADS
HIS
CRAFT
AWAY!



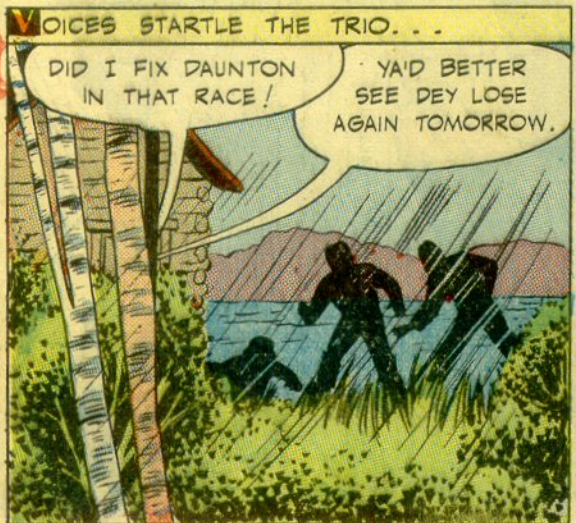
OH, KIT!

YOU'RE SOAKING
WET. PUT ON MY RAIN-
COAT AND KEEP
QUIET!



WE'LL PUT
ASHORE
UNTIL THE
STORM'S
OVER.

THERE'S
A CABIN.
LET'S GO
IN AND
GET DRY.



VOICES STARTLE THE TRIO...

DID I FIX DAUNTON
IN THAT RACE!

YA'D BETTER
SEE DEY LOSE
AGAIN TOMORROW.



I WILL! THE BETTING SYNDICATE'S
PAYING ME PLENTY FOR
THE JOB.

THE
BOAT-
TENDER!



SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

I Can't

by

PAM ROBINSON

"I CAN'T," Kerry said through trembling lips. "I just can't!" He looked at his brother but Alan was staring across the cooling desert sands at the brilliant sunset. He absently stroked the glossy neck of the chestnut stallion.

"It's okay, kid," he said gently. "You got a real scare when that wild horse threw you. Can't ride if you're scared."

Kerry flushed a deep crimson and turned away. As he walked toward the house bitter thoughts raced through his mind. "Scared! Scared! Scared!" they screamed at him and he winced. It was the hospital more than anything that had made him so afraid of horses. Three months of pain before the surgeon was certain he'd walk again. "But you'll never ride," the small voice taunted him. "Never ride—never ride—" He brushed his hand across his face and entered the kitchen where his mother was preparing dinner.

"Hello, dear," she smiled. "Must hustle with dinner for your pa and Ted are driving to the barbecue at Coakley's tonight."

Kerry strode quickly across the room and through the door. Sure, his brother and father were going to the barbeque but he hadn't even been invited. When you're shy of horses and you're living on a ranch, it's mighty strange; and the word gets around. He'd stay home as usual and watch his mother working on her patchwork quilt while he tried his best to read or listen to the radio.

"Oh, golly," he said aloud in a slurred voice. "Oh, golly," he repeated and angrily brushed the tears from his cheeks.

* * *

Kerry was in his room when he heard his mother cry out. He ran into the hall and saw her lying at the foot of the stairs, her right arm painfully jammed beneath her. He picked her up gently and laid her on the pillow-strewn couch before the huge fireplace.

"Easy, mom," he said tenderly. "Just lie quietly and I'll see what's wrong."

"It's my arm, dear." She tried to speak softly but the pain jerked at her voice and made it shrill. "It's really all right, Kerry,"

she insisted. "I can easily wait until your father returns to send for the doctor."

Then the full impact of the situation hit Kerry. Ted and his father had taken the only car, the doctor was miles away and they had no phone. The only way to reach him was to ride. "To ride!" Kerry thought in panic. His mother seemed to read his thoughts.

"Don't fret, dear," she cautioned him. "You're not to ride. I won't hear of it!" But Kerry wasn't listening. He went to the closet and got out his heavy jacket and a pair of gloves.

"Be back in jig time with Doc Stone, mother," he said almost gayly. "That new chestnut of Ted's is a fast one."

"Kerry—" his mother began but he interrupted. "It's really all right, mom," he said gently. His hands trembled slightly as he pulled on his gloves, but he grinned at his mother and winked roguishly before he opened the door and walked quickly toward the stables.

THE END

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State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of The Premium Service Co., Inc., owner of the 4 Most, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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